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PALESTINE: CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By HENRY WALLACE

15¢

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THIS IS the Republicans' week, with their Lincoln Day dinners. Next is the Democrats', with their Jefferson-Jackson Day anniversary, which really isn't an aniversary of anything but just makes a handy date. President Truman speaks at the latter, February 19, in a talk which launches his reëlection campaign, whether he acknowledges it or not.

Truman has decided to go out and show himself more to the public. That accounts for the New York St. Patrick's Day dinner trip, March 17, and there'll be others. So many Senators are out of town orating now, for one side or another, that all but unanimous-consent votes have been suspended for a fortnight.

Politics sharpens in Congress. Each side is trying to put the other in a hole. That accounts for the sudden flurry over civil rights, anti-lynching laws, and the rest. It sounds rather cynical to say it, but these bills are hardy biennials. We favor them, of course, but no longer get worked up, as we once did, over this formalized political chess game.

The GOP knows it can set off a standardized Southern "revolt" every two years, just before election, by bringing in the bills. Truman beat them to it this year by issuing his own message on civil rights. It was a fine document in many ways, but he showed his customary catch-all universalism by including such irrelevant matters as statehood for Alaska and Hawaii.

"Usual revolt." Well, now the South is staging its customary "revolt," but it is not apt to get anywhere because there is nowhere else for the South to go. A revolt that meant a two-party system in the South would be a splendid thing, but the poll-tax Southerners know they gain more by sticking to the present setup than by leaving it.

On the other side, we doubt whether the Republicans will really do much about lynching and similar laws. Some of the biennial enthusiasm is synthetic: what they are after is to produce a good, rousing Southern filibuster that will show up the Democratic schism. In fact, such a filibuster should appear before long. Theoretically, the Senate can apply cloture, but it has only done so four times in the past 30 years.

We are pretty encouraged about ERP. The open public hearings ended quietly last week with Walter Reuther, auto-union head, virtually repeating the plea made earlier by Bernard Baruch to link our foreign-aid program to economic controls at home.

The crowds, spotlights and cameras that started off the historic hearings were absent, and the marble-walled room with rows of empty seats echoed emptily as the sessions ended. But in three weeks, more than 100 witnesses had trooped through. Everybody who wanted to speak had a chance, and America again observed the traditional democratic process in groping toward a big decision.

Most witnesses favored ERP, and we think the chances of passing a reasonable act are favorable. Some sort of face-saving compromise on the size of authorization seems likely, probably in the direction of fixing no very exact sum for the first 15 months, but seeing how much money the State Department can spend. For good or ill, both Senate and House will probably have acted on the measure by April 1.

Recession? Prices are the big topic in Washington. A majority of observers here don't think the commodity-market slump forecasts the long-awaited "recession," but they always add that when the latter finally does come, it will start something like this. Nobody can tell immediately what

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will happen in a matter that is so largely psychological. Rightfully, for example, stock-market prices are now undervalued, according to earnings, but the general sense of insecurity sent them down with the overvalued commodity prices. Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the London *Economist*, thinks an American recession is inevitable sooner or later, and is over here now trying to dope out when it will come.

Internationally, a reasonable commodity price decline, if it sticks, ought to be helpful. Europe's industry needs cheap food and raw materials, and last week's commodity slump should send down the dollar cost. (Put the other way around, American inflation reduced the value of the British loan some 40 percent.)

A slump in US commodity prices aids ERP in Congress in two ways. It minimizes the argument that exports abroad send up prices at home. And it emphasizes the value of Europe as a necessary future market for American farm goods.

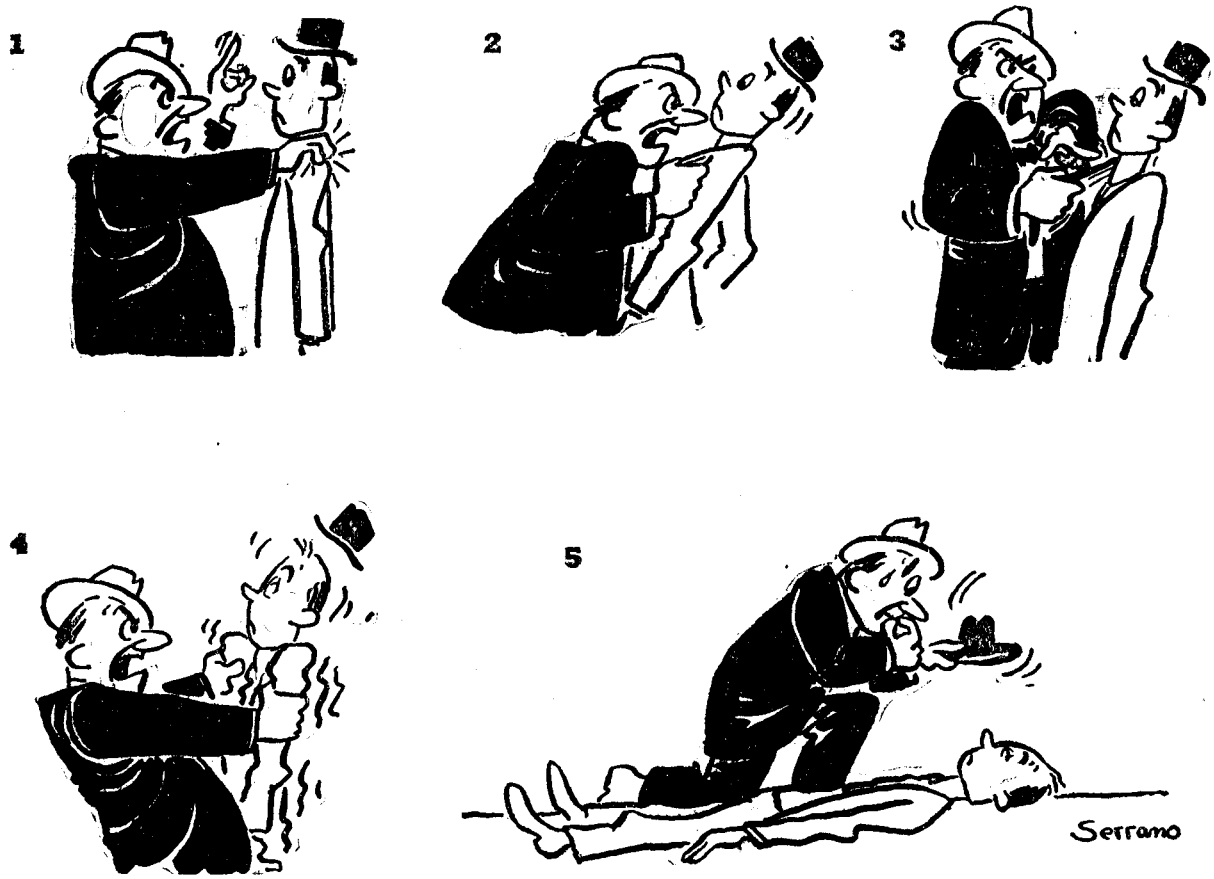
At home, the commodity slump won't cut grocers' bills very quickly or head off the "third round" of wage demands. It will make it harder to get federal price-control legislation. One thing is positive: neither party wants that recession to come before election. Whom the voters would blame for it, if it did arrive now, baffles the imagination.

Notes. Telling his future plans to the National Press Club, General Eisenhower said he would like a vacation, sitting the first six weeks in a rocking chair. At the end of that time, he said, he would begin to rock, very slowly. . . . Actually, Ike is writing his reminiscences; book, serial and film rights are estimated as worth three-quarters of a million. . . . Ike will have gained "civilian status" after four years at Columbia; he'll probably be mentioned as a GOP dark horse for years.

Our nominee for the Pulitzer Prize: A. J. Liebling of the *New Yorker* for giving journalism badly needed criticism. . . . A spring coal strike by John L. Lewis could be delayed 80 days under the Taft-Hartley Act, which would bring it smack into the election. . . . Marshall's request for $570 million to aid Chiang is about twice what he wanted. He finally compromised with the GOP aid-China bloc.

Will Truman now add the scalp of Alaska's Governor, Ernest Gruening, to those of Landis, Eccles and other New Dealers? First named by FDR in '39, his term expires this March. . . . Doubts are growing of the AFL's sincerity in its Taft-Hartley election fight; the Burt Wheeler misadventure is the latest bumbling move.

Washington T. R. B.



Political Discussion

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 7, ISSUE 1733, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 16, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

FOR THOSE who could still remember 1929, the sights, sounds and feeling were familiar. In the Chicago Board of Trade, frenzied hands signaled offers, with no takers. Commodities dropped as fast as the law allowed. On the New York Stock Exchange, 112 stocks hit new lows for 1947-48. High-grade du Pont was off 4¼ points, Coca-Cola dropped 3; General Motors, US Steel, Standard Oil of New Jersey and the other blue chips were hard pressed to hold their losses to only a point or two.

For those who could remember—and even more so for those who turned to the veteran Wall Streeters for advice—there was only one question: "Is this it?"

By the end of the week it appeared that this wasn't "it." Some of the speculative froth was being skimmed off the commodity markets. Maybe the battle fatigue of a hectic week would scare more outsiders away, and again prices might drop to less inflated levels.

But on Wall Street, there was really not much to deflate. The collapse had been discounted for a long time. That was why stock prices had refused to acknowledge the fat-profit reports (see page 30). There was grudging admission that the 75-percent-margin requirement had kept solvent accounts that might otherwise have been dumped, sending prices down further. But except for a few marginal traders, the market was able to withstand the shock, and even to rally.

Only in one very important respect was last week's experience a reminder of the Big Bust. It was the panic that hit hard-bitten brokers in the pits of their stomachs and jammed Wall Street telephone switchboards. Last week was an ominous warning of what could and would happen if inflation was allowed to go on.

The frantic feeling brought to many their first glimmer of understanding of what most economists and some businessmen had been saying for a long time. Price and wage policies—voluntary or controlled—made with clear-headed deliberation were a much better solution to what ails the US economy than a giddy free-for-all that would end, as such joy rides always had before, in a bang-up bust. Would last week remind the bold ones of their 1929 pious promises that next time it would be different?

NOBLE WORDS

President Truman's Civil Rights message to Congress followed in most respects the excellent report earlier submitted to him by his own special commission on this subject.

Policeman's Apology

THE NATION'S CAPITAL has been treated to a brief glimpse of what reactionaries and coöperative "authorities" really mean when they speak of "Communist activities."

Washington papers announced last week that the D. C. police were investigating all organizations and individuals who supported Henry Wallace, to see if any of them were indulging in Red doings. Names of speakers and persons attending meetings would be recorded in a "loyalty file," and this would include those "who rally to protest the high cost of living or racial discrimination," according to the Scripps-Howard *News*. The file, which was said to contain the names of some very respectable people, including ministers and businessmen, would be used to check employees and applicants for utility and civil-service jobs.

Next day the police chief apologized. He said he was very sorry if any aspersions had been cast on ministers or businessmen.

But supporters of full and complete civil rights wished the President had stood pat on the commission's original report. A number of important problems treated in the commission's report didn't appear among the President's legislative proposals. He failed, for example, to back the commission's recommendation for eliminating discrimination in education, housing, health and other fields. And he said nothing to Congress about withholding federal grants-in-aid from states which fail to comply with the proper standards on civil rights.

Still, Truman's 10-point program, if enacted, would change the face of our democracy. The Republican platform would have to make similar promises. But so long as both parties allow filibuster and cloture to rule the Senate, there's small chance of passing the sorely needed legislation.

In the President's own words, "We know the way. We need only the will."

FORRESTAL "CONSOLIDATES"

Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal's recent announcement that the Army and Navy air-transport services will be merged is an indication of how little progress has been made toward real unification of our armed forces.

With the air of a man accomplishing great things, the Secretary has let it be known the Army's Air Transport Command (ATC) and the Naval Air Transport Service (NATS) will be consolidated "soon." This gigantic step comes five months after Forrestal took office as the first Secretary of Defense with an express directive to unify the services for better national defense and dollar savings.

Unification of the air-transport services is an obvious place to start, since

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UMT's Big Barrage Falls Short

by Helen Fuller

THE FULL STRENGTH of the lobby for Universal Military Training is now focused on Congress, and it does not look as though it will be enough to force passage of the bill this sesssion. The Army, the American Legion and 62 other national organizations which favor UMT are putting on all the pressure they can, and the White House is still firmly calling for the program. But it is increasingly clear that, for political reasons, the leadership of both Houses of Congress is against voting on the issue this year.

Now, so close to a tight election, is no time to pass a bill that many mothers, church, farm and labor leaders hate bitterly, the Republican leadership argues. Speaker Martin, House Majority Leader Halleck, Rules Committee chairman Leo E. Allen (Ill.), Leslie C. Arends (Ill.) of the Republican Steering Committee and Dewey Short (Mo.), key man on the Armed Services Committee, are all trying to keep UMT safely bottled up in the Rules Committee.

But the proponents of the peacetime draft are a long way from giving up. The offices of the National Security Committee, clearing house of the 63 pro-UMT organizations, are buzzing. The NSC arranges meetings, like the one which former Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson addressed in New York's Seventh Regiment Armory last week; directs the fire of the individual lobbies on key congressmen; circulates petitions; and inspires mail to Capitol Hill. Its most active member, the American Legion, sets the pace for all the others.

Campaign peak. Last Armistice Day the Legion launched an elaborate campaign scheduled to reach its peak just about now. With 3,327,000 members in 12,000 posts in every congressional district, the Legion was sure it could make quite an impression on Congress. General John Thomas Taylor, chief Legion lobbyist in Washington, set a goal of 10-12 million signatures on petitions urging UMT by this time.

The lobbyists for the bill are now concentrating on more mail from the small towns and rural areas which congressmen heed most. They are trying hard to shift the AFL's opposition to the bill, and are making some headway with members of the AFL General Council.

Army's stand. Even with illustrious names like former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, and a fat budget, the NSC has had a hard time making a better showing in lobbying for UMT than the Army. Army Secretary Kenneth C. Royall has quite openly flouted the law in using federal funds to propagandize for conscription.

The Army is continuing its lobbying, but there are men in some branches who would not be sorry to have UMT rejected. The pains of reorganization are still so great that the addition of yet another major problem at this time would be more than they think our military organization could bear. There are signs that the now independent Air Force is quietly getting out from under. Clearly, the Air Force's chance of obtaining the $900 million it requested for aircraft procurement will be much less if $400 million is appropriated for UMT.

Next year, with a new Congress, the whole process would have to begin afresh, hearings repeated and lobbying done all over again. But with the election out of the way, foes of the peacetime draft know that it would be infinitely harder to defeat. Then, they say, about their only hope would be that ERP had worked well enough to lighten the pressure for military mobilization.

the ATC, with 66,138 miles of regular routes, and the NATS, with 41,918 miles, perform duplicating services. Between them they carried as much freight as all US-certificated commercial airlines combined in 1947.

Faltering step. But unification has been stalled by bitter inter-service warfare between Navy and Air Force, both of which want to keep command. Forrestal has finally taken the first faltering step toward unification only after the Finletter Air Policy Commission had demanded merger of the ATC and the NATS and made a few pointed remarks about the Defense Secretary's responsibilities.

The resultant savings have not been computed but will run into millions, since the NATS, with one-fourth as many planes as the ATC, costs $45 million annually. The saving is minor, however, compared with those possible if the Navy, Army and Air Force were to merge their procurement and other services, which spend billions. Instead, the Pentagon is driven by such bitter jealousies that the Joint Chiefs of Staff have not yet agreed even on a common strategy for defending America.

ACCELERATED ATOM

The extent to which the Atomic Energy Commission is now engrossed in war preparations is clearly described in its third semi-annual report to Congress.

Every effort is being bent toward producing fissionable materials at an accelerated rate, toward constructing new weapons and toward locating new supplies of source materials. A new plant is being erected at Hanford, Washington, to make plutonium; weapons are being redesigned and finally standardized to permit assembly-line production; new proving grounds have been laid out in the Pacific; great sums are being spent on both basic and applied research to serve military objectives.

While developments of atomic energy for peaceful use in medicine, biology, chemistry and industry have by

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"Now, if you raise your head real careful, you'll see the Freedom Train go by."

no means been neglected, these, it is evident, must subsist on minor remnants of funds after the several defense programs have been taken care of.

From the commission's enormous annual purse of well over half a billion dollars, more than three-quarters of the total expenditure is allotted to accumulating the greatest stockpile of lethal stuff the world has ever seen. Long before the United Nations' new home in New York is completed, this end will have been achieved.

ANTI-LYNCHING BILL

While Southern ire was at its height following President Truman's courageous message to Congress on Civil Rights, the Senate and House Judiciary Committees fearfully opened hearings on the first piece of legislation in his program—an anti-lynching bill.

No one doubted the facts of committee witnesses, since perpetrators of trial by fury lynched five persons in 1940, five in 1941, six in 1942, three in 1943, one in 1945, six in 1946 and one in 1947. These figures do not include the many attempted lynchings (31 last year) during the same period, or the successful lynchings that resulted in something less than death. No convictions were obtained in any of the above cases.

Without legislation, said Representative Emanuel Celler (D, N. Y.), the effort to stop such violations will be as slow as "rubbing a bar of steel to make a needle." But Alabama's Representative Sam Hobbs declared the measure would promote lynchings, that it was just the product of "an overweening desire to keep the South a conquered province," and then concluded, "We love our Negroes" too much to let such a bill pass.

The real wreckers. The committee fracas was heightened when Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, charged that "The most dangerous destroyers of faith in the democratic process today are not the Communists but the Eastlands, the Rankins, the Bilbos and the Talmadges who advocate second-class citizenship for minorities, the lynchers who make a mockery of the laws, and those who, wittingly or stupidly, support the racism of such demagogues." Irate and emphatic, Senator James O. Eastland (D, Miss.) said he refused to fight "with this witness or any other nigger." (There was some confusion as to whether he had said "neighbor" or "Negro." So he spelled it out—"Of course I said n-i-g-g-e-r.")

When the anti-lynching bill comes up, Republican leaders hope to use it to break a Southern Democrats' filibuster. The measure, which would make lynching a federal offense subject to investigation by the Department of Justice and prosecution in a federal court, will pass the House first, according to leaders, under a closed rule which will limit the debate to a few hours. The Senate will probably take up the measure in about a month. If a filibuster develops, the Republicans plan to threaten to amend the cloture rule so that Senate debate can be limited by a majority vote. Southerners, the GOP strategists believe, will then give way and permit a vote on the anti-lynching bill, rather than run the risk of a change in the cloture rule which would open the way to passage of other anti-discrimination legislation.

NO SHOW

NASHVILLE (NR correspondent)

Aaron Douglas is a well known Nashville artist whose paintings were exhibited last month at the St. Louis Museum of Art. But despite an impressive reputation, he is unable to find a big gallery in his home city which will show his work.

A scheduled Douglas exhibit at the Nashville Museum of Art has been canceled at the last minute because of a "conflicting date"; a subsequent offer of the downtown Watkins Institute to hang his paintings has also been withdrawn. To Nashville people there is nothing mysterious about all this. Douglas is a fine artist, but he is also a Negro.

SPUN GOLD

Textile manufacturers have managed to conceal their juicy share of the current inflation—at least until January 26, when the Textile Workers' Union of America issued a well documented survey entitled "The Nation's Most Prosperous Industry."

Here are a few of the figures on the industry which makes cotton, silk and woolen yarn, and manufactured goods from all these materials, plus rayon: 1947 profit, $2 billion—as much as all profits during the period

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from 1929 to 1942; up 33 percent over 1946; 148 percent above the wartime average; and 1,442 percent above the prewar average. In the three years since the war the textile industry has recorded earnings equal to its entire net worth.

How much of this gravy has been passed on to the textile workers? From 1939 to 1947 the industry's wage bill rose 157 percent; its profits 986 percent.

Profits per production worker rose 930 percent; annual worker earnings rose 144 percent. In 1939, 4.6 percent of the textile-sales dollar was profits; 23.8 percent was wages. In 1947, the profit share was 16.6 percent; the wage share 20.2 percent.

Meanwhile, the average textile worker last year got $40.60 per week, hardly more than half of what the Bureau of Labor Statistics says is necessary for a minimum American standard of living.

GOOD BUSINESS

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

California's "socialistic" disability-insurance plan is too successful. After paying out $19 million to sick and disabled workers in 1947, state administrators have a net surplus of $32 million on their hands.

The project is financed solely by the workers, each of whom turns in one percent of his income and in return is guaranteed $25 a week for as long as half a year in case he can't get to his job through sickness or injury. Worried over the surplus funds, insurance officials are considering either cutting pay-roll deductions or increasing benefits.

AFTER GANDHI

NEW DELHI (NR correspondent)

The shock of Gandhi's assassination has for the time being caused widespread revulsion against all violent communal activity and prejudice. But those who believe that Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has a chance of raising the one memorial to the Mahatma that Gandhi himself would have liked

—communal peace—think he is not acting quickly enough. They say that unless he moves quickly and forcefully the shock will pass and the opportunity will be lost.

Many think it is not enough to outlaw the communal organizations and private armies such as the Hindu Mahasabha; the RSS (Rashtrya Swayam Sewak Sangh), militant youth organization; the Moslem League's National Guard; and the Sikhs' Akali Dal. For example, Jai Prakash Narain, leader of the Indian Socialist Party, says the government itself should be purged of all those with strong partisan prejudice. Although he mentioned no names, he implied he was thinking particularly of Congress Party boss Valabhbhai Patel, who holds the home portfolio and therefore was ultimately responsible for the protection of India's citizens, including Gandhi.

The Socialist leader said that all communal-minded individuals should be punished by law, and that newspapers inciting communal riots should be banned by executive action. A growing number of Indians agree, hoping that, in a nation bereft of its greatest leader, Nehru will immediately assert his authority by reconstructing the government and replacing with Socialists those ministers tinged with religious and social reaction. "Immediately" is the key word.

THINGS TO COME

"When fascism comes to the United States it will be wrapped in the American flag and will claim the name of 100-percent Americanism. . . ." The York, Pennsylvania, *Gazette and Daily* thus commented two weeks ago on an appeal from the Pennsylvania wing of the Civil Air Patrol (an official auxiliary of the US Air Force) asking industrialists and businessmen to help set up a secret spy system to engage in industrial espionage.

The scheme was announced by Colonel Philip F. Neuweiller, Pennsylvania CAP commander, who called on businessmen to "enlist" at least one member of their firms in the Civil Air Patrol. Such "enlistees," the Colonel explained, would be sent to Intelligence and Security classes.

Tattling service. Some would attend the Army Counter Intelligence School and return to their jobs, where they would report all persons considered "to have communistic or subversive tendencies." Some CAP members, Colonel Neuweiller promised, would be taught "the Russian language, Russian military tactics, Russian politics and all characteristics of the Russian people."

CAP headquarters in Washington called the Colonel's announcement "premature," since the necessary approval of the Central Intelligence Office of the FBI had not yet been officially given. But the York newspaper observed that "The CAP will not have to engage in any rough stuff. It needs only to smear, as the Thomas committee of Congress does, any citizen who might not find favor in the eyes of some industrialist, and his character will be ruined and his livelihood taken away from him."

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Palestine: Civilization on Trial

WE HAVE the power to stop violent deaths in the Holy Land.

Day after day, as I read the stories of bloodshed in Palestine, my mind goes back to my visit there three short months ago. I saw the magnificent efforts of the Jewish settlers to build thriving communities which would set a pattern for the entire Middle East. I saw evidence on the village level that the Jew and the Arab get along very well, provided hatred and discord are not incited from outside. I saw the potentialities of this ancient land as they were dramatically presented by the Jewish people in their everyday work. I was confident that the nation of Judea would, with the help of funds from the World Bank, join with King Abdullah of neighboring Transjordan in developing the Jordan River for the lasting benefit of both Arab and Jew.

On November 29, when the General Assembly of the United Nations decided that the only practical and equitable way to put an end to the Palestine strife was through partition into Jewish and Arab states, those of us who have confidence in the practicability of international organization were inspired with hope.

Since November 29, the British government, without American opposition, has done all in its power to obstruct the implementation of the partition plan.

It has waged undeclared war on the Jews, confiscating their weapons while they were under Arab attack. It has permitted Arab troops commanded by the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem from his "exile" in Egypt, to lay siege to the Old City of Jerusalem, to erect road blocks on Palestine highways, to snipe at Jewish food-supply convoys.

The British government bluntly told the UN that it will not permit the UN Commission to enter Palestine until May 1, two weeks before the scheduled termination of the British mandate and the surrender of civil authority. It told the UN it will not legalize present Jewish defense forces or permit the formation of a Jewish militia, despite a recommendation of the UN Commission that such a militia be organized.

When I read Bevin's speech about his Arab friends—the feudal lords of the Middle East—coupled with the day's stories of new bloodshed, I thought of the persecuted people I had seen building a new life in Palestine, and I shuddered to think that this man should ever speak, as he has so often done, in the name of "Western civilization." (See page 16.)

Britain and the Arab states are waging civil war against the United Nations. They will succeed unless the United States speaks out forcefully and at once to give the UN courage.

When it was a question of bringing the Iranian problem before the UN, the US didn't hesitate to act at once. When it was a question of furnishing arms to Greece and Turkey, the US did not hesitate to act unilaterally. Of course, when it was a question of supporting the legitimate government in Spain with arms in 1936, the US had refused to act. Is history to record that the US acts in most instances to support feudalistic and vested interests?

Almost two years ago, on Army Day, 1946, President Truman declared that "No country great or small has legitimate interests in the Near and Middle East which cannot be reconciled with the interests of other nations through the United Nations. The United Nations has a right to insist that the sovereignty and integrity of the countries of the Near and Middle East must not be threatened by coercion or penetration."

Yet Truman ignored the UN in the case of aid to Turkey and is ignoring it today. American actions and inaction make us as responsible as the British for continued bloodshed in the Holy Land.

We are undercutting the whole peacemaking power of the UN.

The United States, having cast the decisive vote for partition, must put its strength behind that decision. We must let the British know at once that they will receive no more money from the US until they carry out the UN decision with regard to Palestine. We must insist that the British stop furnishing arms to the Arabs anywhere in the Middle East. I would like to see UN action to stop all shipments of arms to any nation anywhere in the world, but I condemn a system that prevents shipments to Jews and encourages shipments to Arabs.

The Arabs and the oil resources of their lands must not be pawns in a cold or hot Anglo-American war against Russia. The move to sabotage the UN decision for a Jewish state, to keep the Moslem peoples submissive, and to placate the kings and emirs and effendi is an outrage.

I have listened to and read a lot of propaganda, much of it no doubt British-inspired, to the effect that the Jews in Palestine are Communists or that recent immigration has been largely com-

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munistic. I am convinced that this is another utterly false "Red menace," manufactured with the hope of justifying murder.

The Jews of Palestine are not Communists. The economy of Palestine is more genuinely a mixed economy than can be found in any country in the world. There is plenty of room for the free enterprise of the businessman and the individual farmer. Many of the recent immigrants have come from Eastern Europe because they did not want to live in Communist lands, and they find a different spirit in the *kibbutzim* than in the Russian *kolkhozes*. The attempt to use the Red paintbrush to smear the Palestine picture is nothing short of criminal.

The strife in Palestine is a reflection of a foreign policy—our foreign policy—which is negative and defensive. The elements for peace exist in Palestine as they do throughout the world. There are people, masses of good people, Jews and Arabs, with common needs, destined to be neighbors, who can be helped to build new, useful and abundant lives, if we will think positively and act forthrightly, without delay.

In addition to using its influence to stop the British government's sabotage of the UN decision, the US must call on the Security Council to order the establishment of a Jewish defense militia, responsible to the UN Commission for maintaining order in the Jewish state until an international constabulary can be provided. We must demand Security Council action to halt the shipment of arms to the Arab League states which are waging war against the United Nations. We must request the Security Council to urge immediate compliance by the British government with the General Assembly's recommendation to evacuate a port in Palestine for the reception of Jewish immigrants.

We have the power to stop violent deaths in the Holy Land. We must use it.

Henry A Wallace

Where Does Paul H. Douglas Stand?

CHICAGO (NR correspondent)

IT'S BEEN 90 years since the name Douglas was last a fighting word in an Illinois senatorial campaign. Then it was Stephen A. Douglas, the "little giant." Now it's Paul H. Douglas, University of Chicago economist turned politician. To carry the historical analogy a step farther, then, as now, a third party was a campaign issue. The third-party candidate against the "little giant" was a young Springfield lawyer, a fellow named Lincoln. Now there's talk of a fellow named Carl Sandburg—a Lincoln biographer—as the third-party candidate. And this election, like the one in 1858, is very definitely focusing national attention on Illinois.

The liberals who support Douglas stress three strong points in his favor. First of all, he's one of the ablest men to enter Illinois politics in a long, long time. And no one has any doubt about his honesty and sincerity. Then too, he has an excellent prewar record as a liberal.

In the thirties he led a vigorous fight for public ownership and for social security. He also has a splendid war record as a combat Marine. Finally, and in a way this is the strongest argument for his candidacy. he's running against Senator C. Wayland Brooks, Colonel Robert R. McCormick's "Curley," whose record of reactionary support is so black that even a man less progressive than Douglas would, by contrast, be a shining light to liberals.

The opposition. On the other hand, some liberals, particularly those of the Progressive Party in Illinois, are against Douglas, and the PPI has indicated that he will be opposed. Harry Barnard, author of the John Peter Altgeld biography, *Eagle Forgotten,* wrote a letter recently to the Chicago *Daily News* calling for Douglas' defeat solely on the foreign-policy issue. The point is that Douglas is a strong supporter of the Marshall Plan and a bitter critic of Soviet foreign policy.

Douglas' critics also accused him of having gone more than lukewarm on such domestic issues as civil liberties, price control and public housing, saying that he has reneged on his prewar liberalism as part of a "love affair" with the Democratic machine.

However sound the criticism of his authentic liberalism may be, those out here who know how the political game is played don't think any love Douglas may have for the Democratic machine is reciprocated. On the contrary, they believe Douglas is being sold down the river, as other liberals have been before him. The idea is that the Democratic machine put him up as a candidate almost certain to lose to the firmly entrenched Brooks, a deal which keeps Illinois' senatorships divided between the two parties.

Not anti-labor. Douglas himself denies vigorously that he's gone sour on liberalism or domestic issues, saying that he's being knifed only because of his anti-Soviet stand. For example, he calls untrue the charge that he's in favor of outlawing sympathetic strikes. On the contrary, he says, he believes the major portion of such activities should be permitted.

On the Soviet issue Douglas hasn't made any bones about his favoring what he calls "firmness against aggression." He wants UN police powers implemented, the veto curbed, and supplementary arrangements made outside the UN, such as Bevin's projected Western European union. In effect, he backs the Truman foreign policy all the way, and some progressives feel he goes altogether too far in condoning if not actually backing Red-baiting witch hunts.

There seems little doubt that the PPI will run Sandburg or someone else against him. And under these circumstances, Douglas admits that his chances are slim. More detached observers think that his chances are slim all right, but that the pro-Truman Democratic machine rather than the third partyites is responsible for their being that way.

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BEVIN'S WESTERN BLOC: NR Correspondents Report

New Republic correspondents Frederick Kuh, Rene du Puy and Claire Neikind report this week on the varying reactions of London, Paris and Rome political circles to British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin's proposed federation of Western European nations.

The following dispatches present the arguments for and against the Bevin plan, discuss its significance as part of the continuing cold war against Russia, and assess its present popularity and future chances of acceptance.

Sham Debate

LONDON (by wireless)

WITH the lone exception of the Communists and their followers, overwhelming public approval has been given to the plan for a crisscross of Western European alliances. The Anglo-French treaty signed at Dunkirk on March 4, 1947, will be the nucleus. Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg are about to negotiate military pacts with Britain and France. Italy and later other Western European countries will be invited to join.

The overriding purpose of the project is to offset the Eastern European bloc under Soviet leadership. Only the credulous will swallow assurances that these moves are designed against Germany. Formally, the Western union is to be a combine against renewed German aggression, but it is already being suggested that western Germany itself may ultimately be admitted to membership.

Russia can have no legitimate grievance against the rise of a Western European group to match her own system in Eastern Europe so long as the Western union pursues productive, peaceful aims.

It is precisely these purposes of the coming bloc which are being disputed here. Western union? Yes. But what kind of union? On this British politicians part company.

Speaking in the foreign-affairs debate in Parliament the other day, Richard Crossman, the leader of the keep-Left group in the Labor Party, warned the government against "making Western Europe work as an anti-Soviet conspiracy." Rather than become a barren military camp, Crossman argued, the Western union should start joint planning of heavy industry and capital investment among member nations. He wants this to be the beginning of a socialist Western Europe: a third force at the fulcrum between the US and Russia and independent of both.

At the other extremity stand Churchill and his United Europe Committee. "We cannot hope to build a united Europe," said Churchill in the same debate, "if this government assumes it can only be done on the basis of socialism in Europe."

Atomic ultimatum. During his speech Churchill raised the question, "Will there be war?" Deliberately using a vague phrase, he urged the government "to bring matters to a head with the Soviet government." Which head? How? A few sentences later he clarified this obscure suggestion by reminding Parliament that perhaps only a year or two remain before the West loses its atomic-bomb advantage. His remarks were interpreted as suggesting an ultimatum, backed by atomic power, demanding Russia's retreat from the Elbe River and from other advanced frontiers of Soviet influence.

It is against this backdrop that one must view Churchill's United Europe movement.

Which, then, shall it be? A Western Europe devoted to building socialism? Or a Western military bloc to push Russian influence back toward the Soviet borders? In the face of these alternatives the British Labor Government has assumed an ambiguous attitude.

Closing the Parliamentary debate, Prime Minister Attlee stated that "In the modern world we must have a planned economy." He avoided saying that the coming Western union should possess a socialist pattern. At another point in his speech, while deploring talk of war, he added, "But it is no good shutting our eyes to the possibility of war." The Prime Minister concluded, "I do not believe war to be imminent." He omitted to define "imminent."

The whole debate about "what sort of Western union" is being waged on a plane of unreality. Formerly the umpire, Europe has now become the football. Before the war Europe made world policy. Today it is the object of policies made in Washington or Moscow.

Wiser politicians recognize that the new bloc is to be an outpost of American power. The anti-Communist character of the bloc, its strategic and economic reliance on the United States, stamp it as a projection of the Truman Doctrine. However sincerely men like Crossman talk about Western Europe as "the third force," they are innocently engaging in a sham.

Pointer. If the bloc is to be the American outpost in Europe, that also disposes of scattered British labor hopes that it is the road to a socialist Western Europe. Under US pressure in 1947 Britain completely abandoned her proclaimed intention of socializing the Ruhr's basic industries—a clear pointer to the social and economic direction in which the Western union can be expected to move.

The new series of pacts to be signed among the Western European nations will be almost identical with the Anglo-French 50-year military alliance. This step, plus the sharp anti-Soviet turn of British and French foreign policy,

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makes it hard to imagine a less enigmatic riddle than "what sort of Western union?"

There is no real difference on this issue between Bevin and Churchill except vocabulary. And even if there were, the arbiter would still be seated behind his desk at the White House. This fundamental change in Europe's status is being overlooked in the fanciful dispute concerning the character of the new bloc. FREDERICK KUH

France Dissents

PARIS (by wireless)

BEVIN'S PROPOSAL for the formation of a Western bloc has caused considerable irritation in Paris government circles because it goes far beyond what the French intended.

The best illustration of the difference in intentions is shown in what was supposed to have been a coördinated announcement in the two capitals. While Bevin was announcing in Commons his sweeping proposal for a Western Federation, an ordinary spokesman in the Quai d'Orsay said the French and British proposed merely a tightening of economic and political relations.

This spokesman declined to comment on Bevin's proposed federation. The next day the authoritative *Le Monde* commented: "*De-facto* solidarity in the political domain among the five nations is such that treaties add very little. Only economic cooperation can create new, powerful ties."

Further friction was injected by the timing of the announcement—during the period of the Anglo-French struggle with the International Monetary Fund over devaluation of the franc and creation of a free currency market. The French press, bitter over British opposition to France's monetary proposals, tended to brush off the Western bloc.

Quai d'Orsay sources explained the different approaches of the two governments in this way:

Britain wants political union foremost to increase her stature vis-à-vis the United States and the Eastern bloc. She wants to soft-pedal economic union because she does not wish to exchange her present system of empire preference for union with Western Europe's uncertain economies. Britain would prefer an extension of the Dunkirk alliance with France to include Benelux, later Italy, Portugal, even Switzerland and Spain.

France, straining to escape the economic mire, is emphasizing the economic angle of union. The French are studying the possibilities of customs unions for all they are worth. An Italian trade delegation is presently in Paris developing a preliminary study on customs unions completed in Rome a month ago.

The French say: "Let's settle the economic questions; the political solutions will follow naturally."

First, Germany. Besides, the French feel that the Ruhr riddle must be ironed out before the formation of an extended political union with the British.

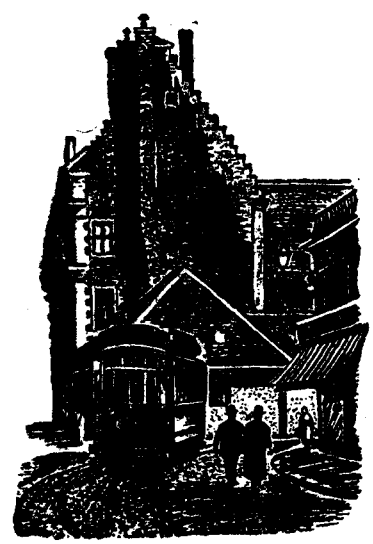
Bevin's complacent disregard of this issue irritates the de Gaullists. In a 1946 London *Times* interview, de Gaulle proposed a Western bloc, but one of his conditions was a solution of the Ruhr question along the lines France wants—internationalization of the German "arsenal." Most Frenchmen feel likewise.

Léon Blum, for instance, wrote in *Le Populaire* just prior to Bevin's speech:

"Unity of views on community action between France and England" were "indispensable conditions of European organization and universal pacification." The ex-premier emphasized, however, that such a unity is "subordinated to agreement on a very precise, very limited question: the question of the Ruhr industrial basin. . . . I add that, according to my profound conviction, this indispensable accord must be realized on the basis of the French conception."

Blum asked the Labor Party to remember that at the 1945 International Socialist Congress in London, it accepted the French demand for detachment and internationalization of the Ruhr.

Soviet participation in an international control zone, Blum said, is extremely important to the over-all settlement of the entire German problem and the attendant European reorganization. If the Russians refuse, however, the zone should be internationalized without them—"If the Soviet Union is definitely resolved on a break, neither England, the US nor France will make it change its decision."



DRAWINGS BY HARRY DIX

Enemy No. 1. Blum's desire to enlist Russian support in the German problem stems from the attitude of many Frenchmen, including rightists, who, although they now consider Russia a menace, nevertheless instinctively feel Germany is still Enemy Number One. Thus there is deep dismay over the present division of Europe and the world. Frenchmen always feel safer when they have a big, tough ally on the other side of Germany. Now they are impoverished, lonely, with the disheartening belief that France will again be a battlefield, this time in an atomic war between the United States and Russian colossi. They don't like the feeling.

That's why they welcome any chance for a closer link with other powers, probably Britain, which might increase their strength.

But they remember the period between wars when France played second

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fiddle to Britain's mistakes. This time the French want to lead. They ardently want a union of the West as a prelude to a federation of Europe, and they are determined to have the union's capital in Paris. RENÉ DU PUY

Italy Waits

ROME (by wireless)

UNLESS the extreme Left wins next April's elections, Italy probably will join Bevin's proposed Western union. She will come not as a tender bride staking everything on her love for a political ideal, but as an oft-married woman with a calculating eye on the future. She won't be thrilled, but she will feel safer.

Bevin's speech has left Italian political leaders neither excited nor indifferent. They knew the proposal was bound to come sooner or later as an inevitable adjunct of the Marshall Plan. For many months they have known what they would do when it came. Neutrality, in Italy's exposed position and impoverished condition, wouldn't work. She couldn't afford to be another Switzerland. She can't have her neutrality and eat on it too.

Coalition with the East is neither desirable nor practical. Italians don't want its politics (barring a victory of the leftists, who do), and Russia could not afford to give them the aid they must have. A formal bloc of Western Europe had some danger. But they felt they would be better off in it than out of it.

Italy's most important advantages in such a bloc would be three: (1) the heightened possibility of making the Marshall Plan work with a maximum of its good qualities and a minimum of its bad; (2) her return to the diplomatic family of nations on a formal basis of equality (denial of this so far has given her a bad inferiority complex); (3) the chance that her participation might win a revision of peace-treaty terms some day.

Italy was happiest with the Marshall Plan in the earliest days of its conception, when Europe was offered an almost completely untangled opportunity to unite its resources and economics for self-help. It seemed then to her economists and all but the furthest Left of her political leaders the sanest possibility for reconstruction that any European country could have hoped for.

She hasn't wavered in her support for ERP, but is a little nervous about the debates in Congress, the shift in emphasis there from reconstruction to emergency feeding, from collective, long-term European efforts to individual, short-term American loans. Italy also feels that any formal Western bloc should be strengthened by a customs union of the Benelux type, thereby strengthening Western Europe's bargaining power. Such a customs union would not plant itself squarely between the Marshall Plan and the Cominform. But it might give Western Europe a lever against too overwhelming American dominance over Europe's economy.

The Centrist Roman newspaper, *Il Momento,* comments in a somewhat plaintive editorial, "How can we justify our participation in an economic political bloc which, even on the pacific and defensive plane, has all the aspects of a military alliance, if at the same time we are not in condition to meet the obligations of such an alliance?"

Candidate. Seen from these eyes—Right and Center—the entrance of Italy into such a bloc would not be a peace move for her. That issue, they feel, will not be decided by Italy either way. No matter what she does, she is a likely candidate for the first battlefield in the event of war.

The dominant government parties therefore regard the Western alliance less as a protection against invasion and more as an instrument of economic assistance in the twilight zone between peace and war. They recognize that the definite carving of such a new bloc in Europe might contribute to the possibility of war. But they see no better alternative.

Growing numbers of third-force advocates do not agree. Socialists like

Ivan Matteo Lombardo and Ignazio Silone, who reject both the Cominform and rightist policies, have not abandoned their hope of creating a genuinely neutral force in Europe which would enforce the most rigid impartiality in its economic and political dealings with both Russia and America.

They don't think Bevin's proposal does all this. While tending to accept it in principle, nevertheless these men would like to lace it with a strong shot of socialism—of an international but non-Communist brand. This they believe, would be a positive—indeed the only possible—step to avert war. Hoping to use the Bevin plan and extend it in this direction, therefore, they are likely to throw whatever weight they have to Bevin's side when the time for Italy's decision comes.

The only chance that affiliation might be delayed, therefore, would be in a Communist victory at the polls. The Communists have lumped the Bevin plan with the Marshall Plan as Western warmongering imperialism, and have damned both. They may be counted on to ride the issue for all it's worth in the next two months' campaigning.

Aware of the propaganda danger in this, Foreign Minister Sforza, despite his first inclination to give immediate endorsement to the Bevin proposal, has withheld his approval until the polling is over. Apparently this was also considered desirable by Bevin, who, until he knows how Italy goes, would prefer to have no embarrassing commitments. CLAIRE NEIKIND

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"NOW WE'RE MEN"

Under nationalization, British coal miners have a stake in revitalizing a rundown industry, and are meeting production goals

by Michael Young

The most important element in the national life of Great Britain last year was an experiment in the efficiency of socialism. On January 1, 1947, after 57 years of propaganda and debate, the island's coal mines were nationalized. By December 31, 1947, British miners had produced, according to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, 199.7 million tons of coal. Between these two dates, the conservative contention that public ownership is less efficient than private management was given a thorough test.

The contention didn't hold up. Although falling a miniscule fifteen-hundredths of one percent below the Labor Government's announced goal for the year, the miners' output was the highest since 1942. In 1947 the British miner, working under public ownership, dug an average of 1.08 tons of coal per week; in 1946, the same man, working under private ownership, averaged 1.03 tons per week. The rise in individual and aggregate output was accomplished despite the rundown condition in which private ownership had left many of the mines, and despite the National Coal Board's mechanization program, which, of necessity, interfered with normal mining operations.

Because coal is both the fundamental fuel of the British economy and the country's most valuable export, the miners' accomplishments were the News of the Year in Britain. Following are several typical miners' opinions of the nationalization program they made work:

"We were only half-men then," Ned Bulkley said. "Now we're men." He stood, hands behind his back, in front of the brightly polished coal stove, and looked across at his wife for approval. Mrs. Bulkley warmed her hands on the large teapot which had been brought out for her visitor from London, and smiled at her husband.

"Ned's right," she said. "That's what it was like before nationalization."

"I first came into the mines in the thirties," Bulkley said. "Then it was short time every week—two days one week, perhaps four another. I was lucky then if I brought 30 bob [$6] home regular on payday. Do you know what I'm earning now? Eight pounds ten [$34]. Some of the face workers are getting a good deal more, and the Meco-Moore operators are some of them being paid 16 pounds a week.

"The hours are good too," Bulkley went on. "From pit head to pit head the average shift is about nine hours, depending on the walking distance underground. The five-day week is established. For many of the older men and those whose health isn't what it used to be, that was a great boon. But the best of it is that we know we shall never be going back to the way it was before the war."

No more bullying. I was puzzled by what Bulkley had said earlier about being half-men before nationalization. I asked him what he meant.

"It was always the company this and the company that," he answered. "The company owned the houses. The company ran the baths and the Welfare Hall. The company did everything. So we miners had to watch our step and keep quiet. If you didn't, the company could put you on to a bad face where the money was low. Or cut down on the number of shifts worked. Or turn you out of your house. We never dared to say a word.

"Come nationalization, and everything was changed. Now we're able to speak up, have a voice in the way things are run. If something is wrong, why, we make ourselves heard now. We can't be bullied around any more."

While we drank our tea in the darkening room, sitting on the green horsehair sofa in front of the fire, Bulkley gave us an illustration. "When I got your letter, I went to see the manager and asked him if you could go down the pit. The manager refused point-blank. He's no Socialist, you see, although he's all right as a technical man. I wasn't going to put up with it, though, and I wrote to the Area Coal Board asking for permission.

"The permission came back by return. And so, manager or no manager, you'll be going down Stakeley Main tomorrow. Jack Stephens—he's the president of the Union Lodge—is to take you. We couldn't have done that in the old days."

A big night. An hour or so later, I was being shown every attraction of the Welfare Hall and the Club. They are both run by the miners now, and in their pride they didn't allow me to miss a thing. I saw the hall where the Sunday-night concerts were held. I saw the kitchens and the bar.

And I was taken to the weekly dance. It was a special night, as Louis Green and His Rhythm Boys came over from Nottingham. "It won't be the same as when the Yankee airforce chaps were here in the war," a miner told me, a bit wistfully. "We all liked them. But it's a big night." It was.

When, on the following morning, Jack Stephens arrived out of the thick morning fog, he was impatient to get started. I was hurried along to Stakeley Main, fitted out with overalls and a lamp and whisked down 700 yards to the pit bottom. It soon became clear that what Stephens and the accompanying overman most wanted to talk about was the pit's development scheme.

"It had to be done," said Stephens. "The distances were getting too great for rope haulage and the haulage engines wouldn't take a greater load. So, after nationalization, we made a

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start. It's a wonderful scheme. We're driving a completely new set of roadways so that we can install Diesel locomotive haulage.

"When we're through, we shall be able to get out much more coal with many fewer men. Out of the 1,400 men employed in the colliery, 240 are on haulage at present. With locomotive haulage, we shall need only 20 men, and the rest will be freed for the coal face. Skip winding will save a lot more on the surface.

"Production fell temporarily as a result of our scheme," Stephens continued. "But there was no other way. Miners had to be taken off coal-getting for development work. Tubs had to be used for bringing out the dirt instead of coal. But just as soon as the new haulage is in, production will go up to 25,000 tons a week. And that's only a start. We're going to make this pit —it's pretty good already—one of the most modern and efficient in the world. Come back after Christmas, 1948, and see for yourself."

Soon we were slithering along the conveyor at the coal face. What they most wanted me to admire was the Meco-Moore cutter-loader. Developed during the war for working the thin seams now typical of British mines, this machine was, they assured me, going to revolutionize the industry. It not only cut the coal but loaded it automatically onto the face conveyor. It eliminated all the backbreaking hand-filling, on which most face workers have spent much of their time in the past. On the mine's one Meco-Moore, six men were doing—better and with less effort—what it had taken 25 men to do before. Once the haulage system can cope with greater loads, Meco-Moores will be used everywhere.

Flags for success. The Pit Consultative Committee was, said Stephens, beginning to be a real success. One complaint made by the men was about the National Coal Board flag. Pits are allowed to fly this blue flag whenever they achieve their weekly target.

But the target of Stakeley Main had not been scaled down when the development scheme started. The Stakeley miners saw the flag flying at neighboring pits and resented the unkind comments made by other colliers. They wanted the target changed so that their flag would also be seen.

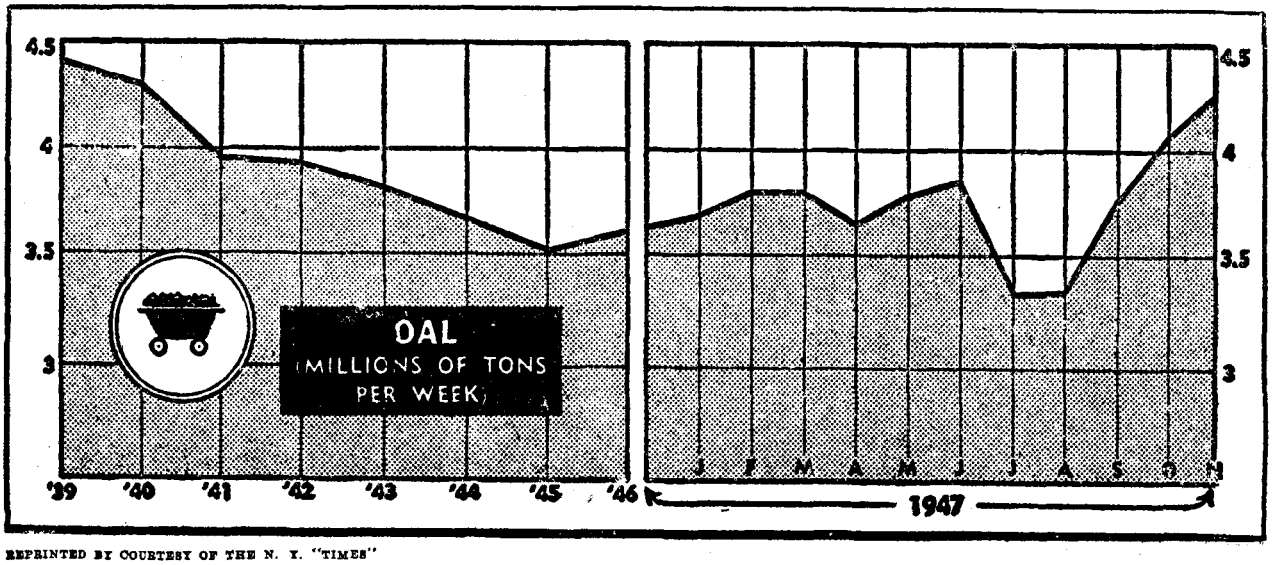
Absenteeism was also frequently discussed by the committee. The number of days lost through miners staying away from work had been reduced since nationalization. But there was still a small group of men who missed a day or two each week. They were, Stephens explained, men who didn't care what happened to the Labor Government and men who were satisfied with low earnings. Others refused to work extra days because a high proportion of their additional earnings went in income tax.

The union had recently agreed that some of these persistent offenders should be dismissed. "We've tried everything," said Stephens, "but there doesn't seem to be any way out except the sack."

Stephens and other local leaders were full of confidence in the future. From the pit we dashed to the pub to meet the Training Officer. Over a round of pints of good bitter beer we talked with a boy who had volunteered to dig coal in place of conscripted military service. The boy said he didn't want to stay in the mines once his service was completed. Both the older miners were openly shocked.

Free degrees. "But you're missing the chance of a lifetime, son," the Training Officer said. "When you start up at Stakeley Main, like all the other youngsters you'll get time off every week to attend the training school. In a year's time, if you're any good at all, the Coal Board will send you to college to take a degree in mining. Then you'll be able to help us put the finishing touches to this development scheme and hundreds of others besides. You'll be sent abroad—two of our young chaps are studying in the Ruhr right now. And all this is free."

"Yes," Stephens added. "I'd give my eyeteeth to be a boy again starting in the pits now that we've got nationalization." He was quiet for a moment before he ordered another bitter.



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AFTER WARTIME DECLINE, BRITISH COAL PRODUCTION REBOUNDS UNDER NATIONALIZATION

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DESTINATION CYPRUS

At Haifa, the Exodus 1947 refugees are searched, separated from their belongings, and told that British ships will take them to Cyprus

by Ruth Gruber

In her second article, Ruth Gruber, well known newspaper correspondent, describes the landing of the Exodus 1947 *at Haifa. Next week's final instalment will report on life aboard the British prison ship* Runnymede Park.

ON THE NIGHT of July 17, 1947, plastered on the walls of Tel Aviv, on the street columns of Jerusalem, on the shop windows of Nathanya and Haifa, there appeared a white handbill. In the darkness, to avoid police, Haganah boys had raced around pasting up the handbills, which read in Hebrew:

> The refugee ship called *Exodus 1947* is headed for the shores of Palestine, after having succeeded in breaking through the blockade upon emigration from ports of exit. . . .
>
> The ship has been spotted by the British navy. A naval force, five destroyers and a cruiser, is now closing in on her from all sides, and leading her on her way.
>
> At 22 hours tonight, and tomorrow morning at 7:30, the refugees will broadcast a message to the Jews of Palestine from the deck of the ship. . . .

Shortly after dawn, a voice came over "The Voice of Israel," a voice with an American accent. It was the American student-preacher, John Stanley Grauel, and he spoke urgently.

"This is the refugee ship *Exodus 1947*. Before dawn today we were attacked by five British destroyers and one cruiser at a distance of 17 miles from the shores of Palestine, in international waters. The assailants immediately opened fire, threw gas bombs and rammed our ship from three directions. On our deck there are one dead, five dying and 120 wounded. The resistance continued for more than three hours. Owing to the severe losses and the condition of the ship, which is in danger of sinking, we were compelled to sail in the direction of Haifa, in order to save the 4,500 refugees on board from drowning."

On Friday, July 18, the city of Tel Aviv shut down. Voluntarily, the citizens closed their shops, their restaurants and their factories, turned off their machinery and halted their economy to protest to the world.

The strike was the explosive culmination of their resentment. Their families, the last survivors, were still living in Germany, in the deathland. In despair, they had decided to defy the British, and by means of Haganah, their Army of Resistance, they had begun to run their relatives and thousands of unknown DP's through the British blockade. The *Exodus 1947*, now approaching, was the largest refugee ship to date to attempt the illegal landing, and she had already been caught and crushed.

"You won't let our people land," became the battle slogan of the strikers of Tel Aviv. Each shopkeeper told his neighbor, each factory manager told his workers, and by ten o'clock on that fateful morning, Tel Aviv, the largest all-Jewish city in the world, with more than 200,000 people—bustling, active, clean, ambitious, youthful—had willingly stopped breathing. The air was electric with indignation. Rumors steamed up like the heat from the sidewalk—maybe my father is on board; my sister must surely be coming; my son said he would be on the very next sailing.

With some friends, and with a huge PRESS sign pasted across the windshield of our car, I drove the 67 miles from Tel Aviv to Haifa. Great coils of rusted wire ran in twisted loops over the pier. Tanks, trucks, jeeps, military police, secret police, constabulary, CID (Criminal Investigation Department) men and about 500 gunners from the artillery branch of the Sixth Airborne Division clogged the waterfront.

Waiting. The heroes of El Alamein and Tobruk were waiting. They were the red-bereted gunners of the Sixth Airborne Division, who carried through the operation of getting the people off the illegal ships. Their commanding officer, Major Cardozo, wore a summer battle jacket with two rows of battle ribbons pinned across his left breast. He was a short man, who stretched himself for height. His back was as straight as a firing wall; he had a suspicious trace of a paunch, which he studiously sucked in. He never walked. He danced.

While he waltzed across the cluttered pier, he twirled his stick like a majorette. For the most part, a pleased smile played on his face. It was a soft,

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almost infantile face, with babylike lips, a double chin and cold blue eyes. He told me that he was related to the Cardozo family in the United States. His ancestors had been expelled from Spain during the Inquisition, had moved to Holland, been persecuted as converted Catholics and finally had gone to England.

Restricted. The major permitted no one in the port of Haifa except the army, the navy and the assorted press of the world, busy at the moment covering the hearings of the UN Special Committee on Palestine.

Tied up against a pier was the *Ocean Vigor,* one of the caged prison ships in which the people were to be transported, we thought, to Cyprus. Against another pier were two other prison ships, the *Runnymede Park* and the *Empire Rival.*

The pier was cluttered and confused. Tracks ran down its middle, as in a railroad yard. A kind of steel Arch of Triumph, wheeled to the tracks, supported the movable crane. Piles of Sten guns lay on hospital stretchers, as though cause and effect already had been confused.

The newspapermen were kept on the pier, with the soldiers standing like a wall between them and the dock where the ship was to berth. Only the photographers and newsreel men were allowed to climb the steel arch to get closer to the people. Major Cardozo warned us that anyone caught talking to the refugees would be expelled immediately.

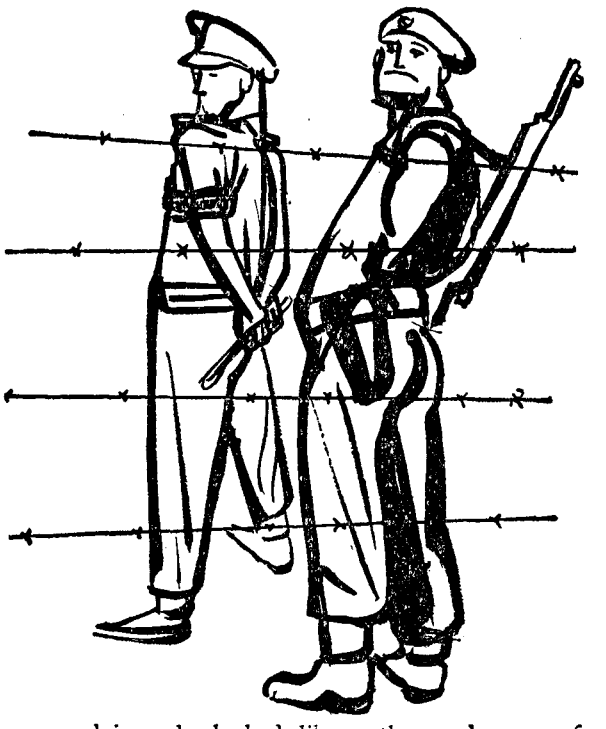
On the skyline, the *Exodus 1947* rode the edge of a rough sea. She seemed to be marching through the water like a prisoner surrounded by troops. Ahead was the famous cruiser, *Ajax,* all 6,985 tons of her, proud of the Nazi ships she had under her belt. Behind was a row of destroyers.

Shortly before four in the afternoon, operations began. His Majesty's Royal Navy fixed their helmets. The Royal Marines hitched up their pants. The gunners and paratroopers, in full battle dress, stood at battle stations. The *Ajax* and the destroyers remained outside the harbor.

The *Exodus 1947* came in slowly, a shabby, broken river boat, pulled into place by British tugs. She had a single tall black funnel. Fore and aft, the blue and white flag of Zion with the Star of David flew from her masts. We saw her name clearly now:

HAGANAH SHIP
EXODUS 1947

The voices of thousands of people floated to us on the quay. They were singing "Hatikvah," the Hebrew hymn of hope. It was the song the Jews sang at every emergency and in every crisis. It was their song of survival.



The ship looked like a matchbox splintered by a nutcracker. In the torn, square hole, we could see a muddle of bedding, possessions, plumbing, broken pipes, half-naked men, overflowing toilets, and women looking for children. Cabins were bashed in; railings were ripped off; the lifesaving rafts were dangling at crazy angles.

Outlined against the smashed deck stood a blond man, with the saddest eyes I had ever seen. He wore no tie, his ragged trousers were rolled above his bare ankles, his torn shirt was open, his hands had caught hold of two broken cables.

From somewhere on the dock, a loudspeaker began to address the people, who crowded every hole and porthole on our side. The loudspeaker said in Hebrew: "The commanding officer wishes you to come off quietly, women and children first."

Soldiers placed gangways into the holes and then ran up to take charge. Several stretchers were carried aboard. The first person to come down was a sick woman, holding the arm of her husband. She wore a huge army raincoat and carried no bundles, no bags at all. Her face was white and sunken; she looked like a thousand years of misery.

A child came off, with large frightened eyes. He carried a potato sack with his belongings; a blanket was strapped across his back. A man and child came down, hand in hand. The child broke away and ran back up the gangway looking for his mother. He was sobbing with fright. The soldiers pulled him down the gangway again. No one was allowed to return to the ship.

Casualties. A man with the dark look of hunger came down carrying a briefcase. A cigarette dipped out of the side of his mouth. Soldiers followed carrying the dead body of the 16-year-old boy, Hirsch Yakubovich, who had come from the DP orphanage in Indersdorf, Bavaria, and was killed in the battle.

The soldiers then brought down the body of Bill Bernstein, the American first mate. He was unconscious, his head hidden in bandages. His thin body was dressed in army shorts, and one knee was raised with the easy grace of a child asleep.

The people trickled down the gangways in little groups, and milled on the dock like frightened animals. They looked weary and shattered, mourning their dead and wounded. Surrounded

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by the troops to prevent their escaping into Haifa, they took their first step on the dreamed-of soil. They breathed the air deeply and tiredly.

Still waiting on the ship, behind the confusion of bedding, baggage and splinters, the people stared out at the British. Some of their faces looked defiant, some were filled with hate, some just stood like tourists.

For a little while, no one came off the ship. I learned later that the soldiers were afraid that the Jews would not disembark peacefully. The soldiers told the refugees that the *Ocean Vigor*, the first of the transports, was a hospital ship with milk for mothers and children. Most of the sick and the families went down to be put on the "hospital ship" or to be taken to the hospital at Haifa.

On the pier, the British removed every bandage and looked at every wound to make certain that only the serious cases stayed. Some of the wounded screamed with pain as their heads were untied, examined and then tied up again. A military ambulance waited on the dock. When the army doctor nodded his head, the patient was placed on one of the ambulance bunks, while the refugees and the American crew that now disguised itself as refugees, watched. To be sent to Haifa's hospital, they had to belong more to the dead than to the living.

Baggage checks. Inside the old boat which once had carried Sunday excursionists up and down Chesapeake Bay, soldiers gave the 4,500 refugees a mimeographed statement in several languages which told them they were going to Cyprus. "Have you got your stickers?" they kept asking the people, handing them parcel-post labels. The soldiers assured them that, if properly labeled, the baggage would be returned to them in Cyprus the following day.

The slow march down the gangplanks started again. A woman with large green eyes and the high cheekbones of a Hungarian beauty, came down precipitously, wheeling a straw baby carriage. In it was a three-year-old baby with the same facial structure, the same gypsylike eyes and skin.

A group of adolescent Polish girls came down, giggling. Almost everyone carried a big green bottle of water. That was the mark of the illegal refugee, his water bottle. Each person on the underground route carried his own bottle with him. It was the first thing the British soldiers took away. The pier, near the customs table, was littered with broken glass as the British dashed each bottle into splinters.

Searched. The journey from the river boat to the prison boat began. The refugees walked inside the tracks beneath the steel arch. First their hand baggage was thoroughly searched at a long table by the soldiers of the Sixth Airborne Division and the CID. All scissors, knives, razors and fountain pens which might be used as weapons were confiscated. These were never returned. Films and cameras were taken away.

Only a few had identity cards, but some still had UNRRA cards, which stated they had been displaced persons at Feldafing, or Landsberg, or some other DP camp in Germany. All their identity cards were taken. A boy of 12 had a button of the Irgun Zvai Leumi. The button was taken away, and the boy's name was noted by the CID. A man whispered to me furtively, and I hoped he was going to tell me in a few words what had happened. But he was telling me the most important fact in his life—that his mother lived right up there on Mount Carmel. Would I please let her know right away that her son had arrived on the *Exodus*, was safe, would write to her from Cyprus? Then he lost all fear, and kept shouting the address, until the British came and dragged him away.

The reporter for *Davar* attempted to talk to someone in a little space along the tracks where, for a moment, there was no soldier. But Major Cardozo, quick as ever, saw the act, forgot his dignity and his stick, ran to the newspaperman and grabbed his arm, his baby face lobster-red. He called two MP's and ordered them to take the newspaperman off the dock immediately, and gave strict instructions to every MP at the gates that this man was not, under any circumstances, to be allowed on the pier again.

The heat grew worse. The soldiers wilted; cigarettes hung listlessly from the sides of their mouths. The pier began to take on the noise and smell of a slaughterhouse. The cattle moved slowly down the tracks.

There were new faces in the track under the steel arch, and new DP types, but the expressions began to fuse into one face of weariness and despair. The agony which had begun for them with the war, was being dragged on for another historic day, to be placed in their minds with the days of occupation, the day of liberation, and now the long awaited day of arrival in the Holy Land.

In the pile. The little children continued to look solemn and old, as though they had never known any world but this one and they could take it in their stride. But the older people began to show panic as they looked at the mounting piles of duffel bags, potato sacks, paper suitcases and knapsacks in which they had packed all their worldly goods. They kept pointing to the pile, begging the soldiers to let them find their belongings. The guards moved them along. On the ship, soldiers tossed the bag-

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gage out of the porthole windows. A loud anguished cry went up as one of the bags missed the pile and dropped into the sea.

Depth bombs kept exploding. The British were making sure that there were no underwater swimmers to sabotage their work. Major Cardozo danced back and forth. The hot sun beat unmercifully, and the refugees, wearing all they could rescue on their backs, stood drenched in sweat, mopping their faces with dirty hands. No one cried. No one complained. Some walked slowly, dragging their feet, like people in a dream.

The refugees looked up at Mount Carmel and seemed to say to themselves, "This land is mine. Soon it will be mine forever. Now they're only taking us to Cyprus. Then we'll come back with visas." There were only two realities: family and belongings. The family might not even be a blood family; it might be a family made in the concentration camp, or a family collected together on the road or at the borders which the long exodus crossed. It was a strange family—mother, father and children, all 30 or 40 years old. But whether it was a made family or a blood family, they were terrified at losing it.

The people were being separated by the soldiers, men from women, into "search pens," lean-tos made of brown sackcloth and strips of wood. In their unreal world, separation meant only one thing—death.

They had been separated in their towns by the SS, and that had meant deportation and shooting. They had been separated in Auschwitz and Dachau and Treblinka by the Nazi soldiers, and that had meant the gas chambers. Now they were being separated again. Some screamed, some tried to fight off the soldiers, some clung to their families. But they were separated anyway, gently for the most part, or crudely, depending on the soldier or policeman at work.

Four Arab women, one of them with a hole in the heel of her black cotton stocking, searched the women's bodies. We were not allowed to watch the operation in the search pen, but the reputation of the policewomen in Haifa was not good.

The men were searched in a separate sackcloth pen by soldiers and police. They came out of the lean-tos buttoning up their pants. A few smirked a little as if they had been caught coming out of a bawdy house.

Sprayed. The separation and the terror it evoked continued as they were marched along the track to the DDT pens. Ours is the great era of DDT, of death to everything that crawls. Soldiers sprayed the flourlike powder on the refugees' hair, down their shirts, up their trousers and skirts and on their legs.

By this time the heat had become suffocating. Babies who had been incredibly quiet, began to cry. Men looked dazed and ready to collapse, as the red-bereted soldiers shoved them along the last mile. Families, separated in the search pens, lost each other as they were taken to different transports. They were reassured that they would

DRAWINGS BY GETZ

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be reunited the next day in Cyprus.

Night was infinitely worse than day on the broken and defeated *Exodus*. Fatigued and hungry, most of the people left the ship. Hundreds came off in a great spurt and waited, pressed hotly against each other on one end of the wharf. The soldiers kept carrying fainting men and pregnant women to a first-aid army tent at the entrance of the dock where the jeeps and trucks were standing. The people were given treatment, and then marched back down the processing tracks between two soldiers.

I left the dock to file a story, and returned at midnight. The character of the wharf had changed, and even the character of the people seemed different. Their eyes were turned inward now. They had stopped staring up at Mount Carmel. Glaring blue and green searchlights played weirdly on the nameless, brooding mass of people and on the abandoned boat that soon would be pulled around to the graveyard of illegal ships.

The eerie lights picked up bits of the people's bodies, bare feet, torn clothes, bandaged arms and heads, faces oily with sweat and dark with resentment and mourning. These last to leave the *Exodus* were the fighters, the philosophers, the ideologists, the leaders, the ones who clung most desperately to the ship and the hope they knew was hopeless: that maybe they could stay.

It was easier to talk to the people now, but they were too hungry to say much. They had eaten nothing for almost 30 hours, since their last meal at seven the night before.

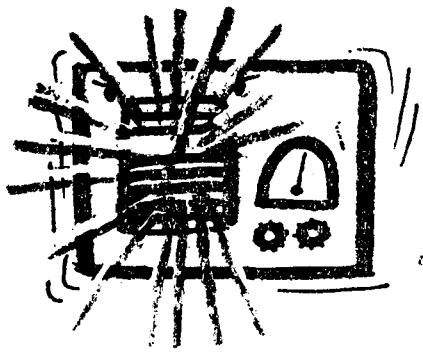
Exit. The battle was ended; for some it had ended when the *Ocean Vigor,* the "hospital ship," had finished loading and departed. The next group to accept defeat had gone out on the *Runnymede Park,* and at 5:40 in the morning, the last of the *Exodus* passengers sailed on the *Empire Rival.*

Only the broken hull of the excursion boat remained at the dock, with a few soldiers to guard it in its loneliness.

I CAN BE HAD—FOR PELF

Being an investigation of the Singing Commercial, the promoters, pathology and theory thereof

by Thomas Whiteside



FEW COMPOSERS have enriched the world of song so perseveringly in recent years as have two extraordinary gentlemen named Allan Bradley Kent and Austen Herbert Croom-Johnson. So fluid is their skill, so compelling their musical language, that radio programs of classical symphonies have frequently been cut short in order that eager listeners might enjoy the fruits of their fertile and singular genius. Kent and Johnson, in short, are the undisputed kings of the jingle—otherwise known as the spot or the singing commercial.

Together, Kent and Johnson have jangled the national nerve for eight years with such brief but powerful cantatas as "Momma, Momma, Momma, Won't You Larvex Me?," "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot" and "Listen to the Handy Flit Gun: [Whistle] *Shh-h-h-h-h-h-hhH!*" Both artists are prosperous and both are happy in their work.

Looking back through the years with a certain tranquillity, Kent and Johnson see in themselves the perpetuators of a hallowed tradition of patronage. What Mozart was to the philanthropist Baron Von Swieten, Kent and Johnson are to the art-conscious makers of Beechnut Chewing Gum, Esso Gasoline, My-T-Fine Desserts, Pfeiffer Beer and Waterman's Ink. There is one significant historical difference: Kent and Johnson are unwilling to accept the meager rations allotted composers in centuries past.

Coarsely considered in dollars and cents, their actual income is somewhat difficult to determine, since Kent and Johnson find it distasteful to discuss art in such unspiritual terms as money. However, some idea of their level of subsistence may be gained from the fact that our captains of industry have invested at a conservative estimate some $200 million to propagate, over the radio alone, works of Kent and Johnson like "Opportunity Knocks [*clack, clack*] on the Chipso Box" or "To Keep Romance Alive . . . A Woodbury Soap Cocktail at Five" (the latter being sung to the accompaniment of 10 male and female voices humming up and down).

This sum is not only considerably more than the amount spent on Mozart in his time but, in less musical terms, exceeds by $123 million the total monies allotted in the 1948 federal budget for education and research in the United States.

Ah, history! As the elite of jingle composers, Kent and Johnson speak loftily of their art. They scorn the word "jingle," preferring instead the more mellifluous "musical commercial." Indeed, Johnson, who has prepared a spirited brief for the partners' concept of the singing commercial, will at a moment's notice discourse for hours upon that interesting subject, beginning with street cries like "Who'll Buy My Sweet Lavender?" and ending with:

I ate too much
I ate too fast
Oh boy did I feel dismal!
It's the easy thing
For the queasy thing
Soothing P-e-p-t-o B-i-s-m-o-l. . . .

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"We try to concentrate on good taste," says Johnson modestly. Delicacy being all, the two colleagues have in the past declined to accept commissions for odes to deodorants or laxatives. Recently, however, in order not to appear too snobbish, Kent and Johnson have dedicated themselves in a small way to personal daintiness, first with a song beginning, "Underarming can be charming," and latterly with the following ballad, sentimentally rendered by several girls in close harmony:

You can say "Yes" to romance
Because Veto says "No" to offending.
Soft as a lover's car-ess
Veto for dainti-ness.

"Delightful, isn't it?" observed the composers' secretary, a Miss Toomey, one recent afternoon after playing that record several times. "Mr. Kent says with this one we just knock at the door, we don't break it down." In the case of Hush, another deodorant, Kent and Johnson feel they did not even go so far as to knock on the door, being content merely to breathe heavily on the outside with the slogan, "Just the *w-h-i-s-p-e-r* of a cream."

Not always can the approach be so modest. "Some musical commercials need authority," says Johnson. An instance of an authoritative jingle would be that of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice Sparkies. No whispering is permitted in the puffed-wheat field: "Here comes the Quaker man w-i-t-h a BANG! BANG!" barks a Kent-Johnson announcer with martial sharpness; "USE THE WHEAT THAT'S SHOT FROM GUNS!"

Such dramatic interpretations of the explosive nature of the product referred to are not easily conceived. "We give our clients a hell of a lot of thought," said Kent. The thought process involves a good deal of what the partners, without defining it further, term "quonking."

Kent and Johnson have been quonking together since 1939. Johnson, whose precise speech, faintly baggy eyes and noble appearance proclaim him an English gentleman, had been invited over to the United States in 1935 by John F. Royal, then a vice-president of NBC, to fill up blank sustaining air time on that vast network. Previously, Johnson had been producing a program called "Soft Lights and Sweet Music" for the British Broadcasting Corporation. At NBC Johnson quickly caused a minor upheaval by putting on the air two artists, Mike Riley and Ed Farley, with a song called "The Music Goes Round and Round." The song was such a popular success that Royal sent Johnson the breathless congratulatory wire, "THIS BIGGER THAN YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS."

Pilgrims' Progress. It was at this stage of Johnson's musical development that he met Kent, a former sporting-goods salesman at Spalding's who in 1931 had orated himself into WOV and then NBC as an announcer. At WOV, Kent's duties had included sweeping the studio floors. Between sweeps, he handled the record library of 40 discs (mostly consisting of variations of "In a Persian Market" and "In a Monastery Garden"), read out of joke books ("that was in Prohibition and I had a hell of a time ad-libbing my way out of liquor stories") and described such news events as could be directly seen from the WOV studio window, *e. g.*, a fire in the Loft candy store across the street.

At NBC, with the advent of the remote broadcast, Kent broadened his geographical range with descriptions of the boring of the Lincoln Tunnel and Elks, Moose and Kiwanis luncheons. Kent now feels that this varied experience was splendid preparation for his entry into the jingle field. NBC's eccentric harmonium may also have been a contributing factor. This instrument was used to fill in blank air time and the listening population did not enjoy its reedy quality. It was consequently used only as a last resort, and any announcer who allowed himself to be cut back to the dread harmonium was considered at NBC as inviting dishonorable dismissal. Under this dire threat, Kent trained himself "so I was never at a loss for a word."

Kent's education was completed at WNEW and at Mutual, where he produced a program entitled "Don't You Believe It." "We exploded theories," he says. This passion for truth still smolders in Kent. "Not all fish live under water," he may remark in the course of an unrelated conversation. "There's a fish in Brazil that stays out three hours at a time."

It was a mutual desire for self-improvement that brought Kent and Johnson together. At their first meeting they developed a slight dislike for each other, but fortunately for musical history they shortly reconvened over a beer or more and resolved their differences. As Johnson recalls it, this led to hearty agreement on the poor taste being shown in radio commercials and the resolution to elevate them to a loftier plane—or as Kent puts it, "How could we make a buck?"

Whatever the details, the two colleagues quickly evolved the ringing and tasteful slogan: "A cake of P and G puts 25 times more soap on the extra dirty spot!" Such was the success of this fervent declaration of faith in solidified fats that Procter and Gamble bubbled with gratitude. Kent and Johnson were delighted with their checks; a beautiful friendship began.

The two colleagues then plunged into further thought, emerging with the master stroke that was to revolu-

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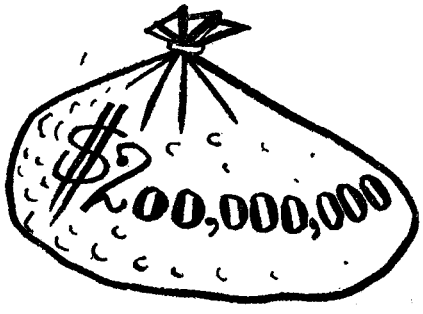
tionize radio and, eventually, to result in the invention of an electronic button enabling the listener to fade out commercials for a minute at a time. Kent and Johnson took the first few bars of "John Peel," rearranged them, added a line, *Nickel, nickel, nickel, nickel,* and converted the whole into a ballad called "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot."



In composing the Pepsi-Cola jingle, Kent and Johnson had incorporated a unique and brilliant feature. After much discussion and experimentation, they designed the jingle to last no more than fifteen seconds, on the theory that it took at least that much time for the average listener to arise from his easy chair and switch off his radio. The Pepsi-Cola jingle, they calculated, would thus beat the listener to the switch. The enormous advantages of this baffling hit-and-run technique were immediately apparent to Walter Mack, president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, who ordered the jingle to be broadcast day and night.

"Walter Mack was the first man to have the courage of his convictions about the musical commercial," recalls Johnson gratefully. "He spent enough money to give it the necessary incidence to really register with the listener."

The "incidence" indeed has been considerable. Since 1939, the jingle has been played at least a million times, to which end Pepsi-Cola has openheartedly doled out $9 million in hard-earned revenue. The effervescent ballad was even distributed commercially to 72,000 juke boxes, the citizens paying thousands upon thousands of nickels for the privilege of hearing it.

Today, the performance of the jingle is undiminished (it is now being sung in three languages) and last Christmas it was only by sheer strength of will that the administrators of the Empire State Building were able to resist the efforts of Pepsi-Cola officials to have the jingle chimed over that lofty building's yuletide carillon.

Bang! Bang! The gigantic success of the jingle, while artistically gratifying to Kent and Johnson, has occasioned them some slight pangs of remorse. It seems that they made the grievous error of selling the jingle outright. Johnson insists, however, that relations with Pepsi-Cola are cordial. "Little gestures are constantly passing back and forth," he remarks, without going into the matter more deeply.

At any rate, Pepsi-Cola's triumph did result in widespread recognition of the composers' talents. They themselves entered a modest word or two as to their availability. "I can be had," sang the inviting voice of a Kent-Johnson jingle directed to prospective radio advertisers, "for pelf." The artists' office became jammed with sausage kings, rubber barons, antacid executives and chewing-gum chieftains. Importuned from all sides yet simple and unspoiled by fortune, Kent and Johnson refused to lower either their musical standards or their practice of "giving the client the benefit of our thinking." A popping cork here, a BANG! BANG! t h e r e—all are thoughtfully designed to repay the sponsor for his interest in the composers' work.

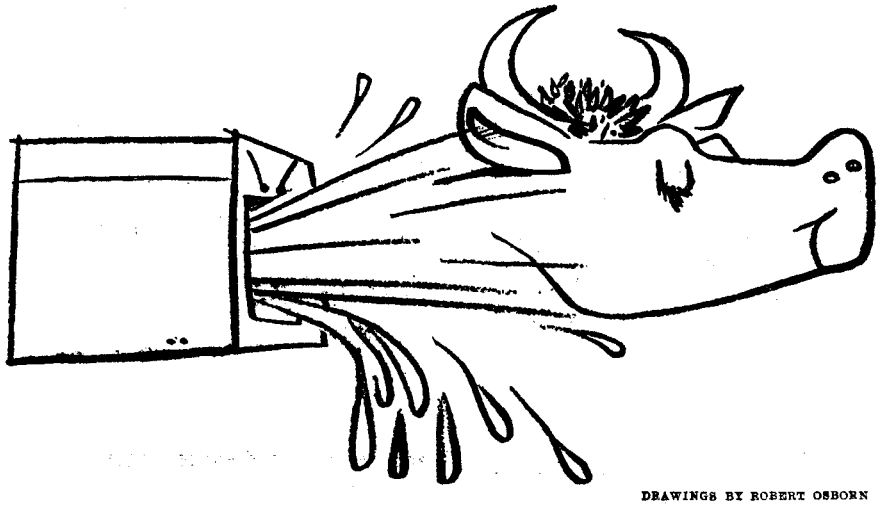
Broadcasting transcription tables throughout the land turn overtime with Kent-Johnson compositions like "Pillsbury's Pancake Serenade" and "He's an Old Bulb Snatcher, an Old Bulb-Snatchin' Man." The best is none too good. Jingles which in earlier times might have been accompanied by banjos or trios, now frequently demand musical instrumentation of heroic proportions. Thus, on "Pillsbury's Pancake Serenade" alone, the jingle kings provided a score for 23 brass instruments, a Hammond organ and a male voice, c o m p l e t e with diminishing ninths, colorful thirteenths and shrinking sixths. "My work is strongly influenced by Frederick Delius," remarked Johnson the other day. The jingle kings, however, are no pale imitators, and unschooled laymen are apt to find few traces of Delius in such massive Kent-Johnson cantatas as this opus, written for Borden's and scored, *inter alia,* for a small set of cowbells:

> Boy, but she's a wow!
> Elsie the glamorous cow
> Oh her eyes are dreamy
> And her milk is creamy
> Boy, but she's a WOWW!—

—to which a sexy female voice then adds, with a kind of ecstatic moan:

> MoooOOO to YouuuuuuUUU!

Good old Mazola. While devoting themselves to art, the composers are very, very busy. Johnson, who describes himself as "the more quiet end of things" and who does most of the scoring, rushes around town a good deal in a huge otter-skin fur coat which



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT OSBORN

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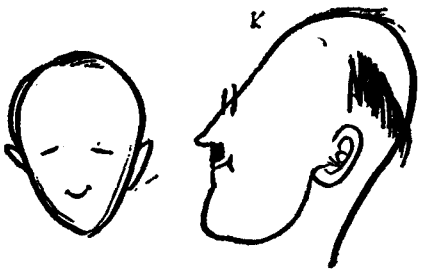
he says was bequeathed him by a relative in Alaska. In conversation, he uses a liberal number of phrases like, "We want penetration, not irritation," and "On a thing like that, you have a financial equity in it."

On the other hand Kent, a distinguished gourmet who until recently wore a beard which gave him the appearance of a French cabinet minister, is more likely to run to phrases such as, "We were dickering with a bunch of independent freezers," or, occasionally, "We want to shake a man's hand before we put it in his pocket."

Despite the fact that some sponsors have felt the composers to be somewhat eccentrically inclined, Kent and Johnson look over clients' products with an extremely cool eye before accepting a musical commission. Esthetic may be the grounds for their inspiration, but the composers are not adverse to spending a few hours beforehand on the less ethereal statistical tables provided by market-research organizations. Kent and Johnson are anxious to know the yearnings of the people. Their success is a tribute to their insight. An instance in point is the parental anxiety of Corn Products Refining Company to feed the people Mazola salad oil.

"We were called in to handle the Mazola problem," remarked Johnson gravely, "and, by the time we finished, the number of people who could correctly identify it as the Mazola program had risen from 19 percent to 46 percent." The jingle kings accomplished this soothing miracle by the use of a base player named Bobby Haggart, who "whistled through his teeth" the lines "Mazola fries them . . . right on down! [Sharp chorus:] Maz-ollAA!" "The spontaneous screams that went up from the audience at the end of the commercial were most satisfactory to us," says Johnson in recalling this arrangement.

Other coups included a talking engine for Esso Gasoline, a song for Mission Bell Wine which, later relyricized, was converted into a hit tune, and a jingle for the Prince George



Hotel so personally fascinating to Louis B. Mayer that he asked his Eastern representative to pick up a dozen records of it. "He just liked to play it around the house," explained Kent.

Such triumphs have brought Kent and Johnson $20,000 a year from one national sponsor alone (they have 27). The comfortable size of this stipend is partly attributable to their habit of declining to sell their jingles outright, but instead, collecting royalties for every single use of them. "You lease it like a telephone line," remarked one account executive of the Kent-Johnson service. Their contracts are sadly described by other executives as "hideous" and "merciless."

Considering the rigors of composition and invention to which their musical sense drives them, the jingle kings, who prudently register themselves as a corporate body ("the body is very well this morning, thank you"), consider their compensation just and equitable. Yet the two partners are honor-bound to uphold the traditions of musical struggle. One astonished account executive tells of walking into the luxurious Kent-Johnson garret across from the Museum of Modern Art to find the composers stripped to the waist, towels wrapped around their heads, large lumps of ice being conspicuously tucked in the towels. They spent the interview frantically scribbling on manuscript paper, clutching their brows and uttering many exclamations of despair at the impossible task demanded by the sponsor. The executive, who lurched out of the apartment with guilt written all over his face (an unusual visual effect in the advertising field), did not discover until much later that, some twelve hours before his visit, the composers had written and recorded the entire jingle.

Only one small blot obscures the glowing future of these two fine artists—the Petrillo ban on recordings. But the Kent and Johnson who gave to radio masterpieces like "Admiracion Shampoo brings you the newest thing on the air waves: silence" are highly unlikely to be suppressed, shackled or halted by the mere lack of instruments. Their commercials will either be sung *a cappella, i.e.,* without musical backgrounds, or with instruments outside Petrillo's jurisdiction, briefly enumerated by Johnson as "harmonicas, jawbones of asses, lutes, dulcimers, musical saws, lyres and electric jew's harps."

Technological progress will never stand in the way of great music. If necessary, the composers can always wheel in a church choir, as they once did for an oratorio written in the style of Handel and in praise of Beechnut Chewing Gum:

Beechnut gum with the peppermint flavor
With the peppy, peppy, peppermint flavor
Yum YUM yum yum: the flavor! BEECHNUT!
Beechnut lasteth longer. . . .

Thus does the art of one century flow gently and gracefully into another. Through the singing commercial, Handel, Delius and Pepto-Bismol have joined hands to form an irresistible combination wherein lyric and larger intestine are welded into a tasteful and salubrious whole. As for Johnson himself, when he listens to the radio he usually tunes in to WQXR. It is interesting to note that this particular station, which broadcasts classical music, has long since prohibited the playing of singing commercials.

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THE DUTCH TAKE AIM IN JAVA

by Joseph P. Lyford

THE DUTCH ARMY walks softly now in Indonesia; tough young Netherlands troops march with slung rifles through a quiet Javanese countryside. There has been no shooting for weeks. But Dutch guns are still cocked and pointed at the heads of nearly 70 million Indonesians who want independence and trade with the outside world. Up and down the coasts of Java and Sumatra, island strongholds of the republic of Indonesia, the Dutch fleet is tightening a blockade which has choked the country since 1945.

Technically, the Dutch are at peace with the republic in observance of a UN "cease-fire" order issued last August; yet their destroyers bar the following "contraband" from entering Indonesian-held ports: machinery, surgical instruments, transportation equipment, communications supplies, railway spare parts, oxygen, sulphur, steel, copper wire, medicine and clothing.

The Indonesians are used to this garroting at the hands of the Dutch. For nearly three years the blockade has forced them to dress in gunny sacks and to subsist on a simple native diet; yet they have kept on producing the rubber, tin, kapok, quinine, petroleum, palm oil, copra, coffee and spices with which they supplied the world before World War II. And, strangely enough, these products are being exported despite the Dutch navy.

Blockade runners. By day the emerald waters of the republic's capital and chief port, Jogjakarta, are free of traffic; but at night scores of small wooden vessels loaded with native produce scurry through the blockade to Singapore. Dutch skippers spike the darkness with searchlights and bombard suspicious sounds, but the smugglers usually get away. Once in Singapore, the Indonesians are conveniently ignored by British authorities, and freighters from all nations in the world hungrily receive the forbidden cargoes.

The Dutch communications blackout of the republic is more effective. All mail leaving Indonesia by regular channels passes through the hands of Netherlands government agents, while regular radio, telegraph and cable channels are under strict censorship. News dispatches from the Indies originate largely from Dutch-held Batavia, and are thoroughly salted with the Netherlands point of view. Nevertheless, the republicans have their own clandestine mail, radio and cable outlets.

Dogged hope. The republicans think they can hold out indefinitely against this strangling operation. They place their faith in survival on this fact: the people of Indonesia, from Sumatra to Borneo and the Celebes, are unanimously behind the drive for independence.

The Dutch recognize this, and are attempting to counter the movement by setting up puppet, so-called "autonomous" states in east Indonesia and Borneo, and by organizing separatist movements. But so far this tactic has proved a miserable failure. The Dutch have been able to create rickety governments in east Indonesia and east, west and south Borneo, but can find few influential Indonesian leaders to assume governmental responsibility under their authority.

Indonesia's postwar battle to free herself from Dutch domination is only the continuation and expansion of a series of revolts against Netherlands overlordship which have grown increasingly common since 1908. During this time the Netherlands' chief argument for holding the Indies in fief was that it ruled as a benevolent "protector." But even this thin illusion was shattered when the Dutch staged their precipitate retreat before the Japanese in 1942.

With World War II over, the Indonesians determined never to return to colonial status. So President Soekarno and Premier Sutan Sjahrir, with the support of the native population, proclaimed all of Indonesia a republic. The refusal of the returning Dutch to countenance such a regime led to immediate war.

The fighting was interrupted briefly in November, 1946, when the Dutch and Indonesians initialed the Cheribon (Linggadjati) Agreement, under which Holland extended *de-facto* recognition to the republic's authority over Sumatra, Java and Madura. The treaty also promised to recognize an independent United States of Indonesia, comprising the entire Indies archipelago, by January 1, 1949.

But the agreement proved only a prelude to further Dutch aggression, and in July, 100,000 Dutch troops opened up large-scale attacks in Sumatra and Java. When the United Nations intervened with its cease-fire order of August 1, the Dutch had occupied a third of Java in what the Dutch Governor General Hubertus van Mook called a "police action of a strictly limited nature."

Dutch blamed. The Indonesian republic complied with the UN order, but the Dutch kept right on rolling and extended their spearheads further into Java. An October report by consuls of six nations charged that the Dutch had disobeyed the order and were responsible for continuing the war.

The opinion of outside nations has received little consideration from the Dutch, who hold that the affair is a matter of "internal politics." On this basis they have opposed UN intervention, while the republic has repeatedly requested it. The Netherlands "accepted" the most recent peace proposal formulated by the UN Good Offices Commission, just as it has "accepted" all Indonesian proposals—only after signifying its intention to "interpret" the proposal as it sees fit. The Indonesians, who accept the UN proposal without qualification, refuse to abide by any such Dutch interpretations. The result is a stalemate.

So while the UN tries to figure what to do next, the Dutch tighten their blockade and the Indonesians tighten their belts.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE PURCHASED PATRIOTS OF IRELAND

by Richard Watts Jr.

IT HAS LONG BEEN one of the great glories and major handicaps of the Irish struggle for independence that so many of its leaders were figures of heroic gallantry. Patriots like Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Parnell and Michael Collins were men of such lofty spirit that they provided the entire movement with an atmosphere of high romance.

This bright aura, authentic as it was, has the unfortunate effect of making Irish nationalism seem theatrical to the outsider. Actually it was the bitter, deadly and unending battle of an enslaved people against foreign oppression that threatened their existence to a degree frequently approaching that of the presumably modern crime of genocide. The centuries-old fight may have had its romance and its heroes, but its causes and consequences were bitterly realistic. Since Robert Emmet, who led a hopeless revolt in 1903 and died defiantly on the scaffold, is one of the most famous of the Irish heroes, the realistic detail that Helen Landreth offers in her study of his life, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* (Whittlesey House; $3.75), is particularly valuable in giving proper focus to a tragic chapter in the struggle for human freedom.

If Miss Landreth brings a note of realism to her biography, it is not by cutting down the romantic stature of her subject. Under her study the hapless Emmet, who was 25 when the British hanged him, is as noble, unselfish and gallant as legend has made him, while his tragic love story and his eloquence in the dock seem as touchingly lyric as the poems of his friend, Thomas Moore.

The author's careful examination of secret state papers, unavailable to scholars as long as the British sat in Dublin Castle, provides new light on the story of Emmet's revolt, and adds William Pitt to the cast of characters in the role of villain.

According to Miss Landreth's most convincing evidence, Pitt, whether in or out of office as Prime Minister, dominated British policy toward Ireland through a powerful and efficient secret service. In Napoleon's day as in Hitler's, the English knew the danger of a hostile power in Ireland. Yet by their ruthless treatment of the Catholic Irish population, their savage suppression of the nationalist sentiment awakened by America's successful revolution, and their bribing out of existence of even the unrepresentative Protestant Parliament in Dublin, they had made British rule there more hated than ever.

Britain might stand in the eyes of the rest of Europe as the defender of liberty against French aggression, but to the Irish it was the British who were the oppressors and the French who represented the hope of liberty. In a fashion not unknown in our day, the ferment of new ideas, then coming from America and France, disturbed the complacency of conservatism everywhere, and the British in Ireland feared the concepts of freedom advanced by Irish patriot leaders and the military might of the Directory in Paris with equal apprehension.

Three schemes. To avert these dangers, Pitt's spy service adopted a plan with three main points. The first was the old imperial rule of divide and conquer. While the common people of Ireland were Catholic, their national leaders—Tone, Fitzgerald and the Republicans of Belfast—were Protestant, as was the younger and lesser known Emmet. And the Catholics, while hating their British oppressors, were afraid of the radical atheism of France. It did not seem difficult for Pitt's agents to make the most of these potential religious conflicts. The second point was to drive the Irish into a premature and ill prepared revolt, after which coercion laws could more easily be passed by Parliament in London and administered in Dublin, thus averting the possibility of a really dangerous, large-scale revolt. The third was to see that, after the abortive revolt had been suppressed, the motives and conduct of its leaders would be so besmirched by mocking and libelous stories that the people would cease to honor them.

It was only in the second point that the secret-service plans were successful. The difference in religion between the people and the leaders never made the Irish recede from their devotion to the memories of the Protestants who had died for Irish liberties. Although every effort was made to show Emmet as an ambitious buffoon and the revolt as a kind of drunken riot, the purity of his character and motives could not be mistaken; and the final sentence of his speech after his conviction—"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written"—achieved national immortality.

In their middle purpose, however, Pitt's men had their complete triumph. Miss Landreth shows pretty clearly that Emmet was lured back from France and tricked into a hopeless, though by no means farcical, revolt by *agents provocateurs*. Emmet paid with his life for innocence about the guile of the British spies who swarmed around him.

Spies and traitors. This is the most striking part of Miss Landreth's story. Given permission to dig among papers which had not been seen by earlier historians, she came upon records and reports of Pitt's spies which in some cases were so sensational that the Irish government would not allow her to use names. Had she done so, she reports, a number of Irish families who now

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DRAWING BY MACKEY

pride themselves on their distinguished ancestry would discover that those patriotic forebears had been in the pay of the British as spies, to report on the activities of the real Irish patriots.

It is this part of the book which deserves the careful study of Rebecca West, who has proved herself such a brilliant student of traitors. For there seems no doubt that the Irish revolutionary movement of the nineteenth century was honeycombed with treason. Miss Landreth indicates that the British secret service did not confine its attention to Irish informers. Such eminent Frenchmen as Ministers Carnot and Barthelemy and Generals Pichegru and Dumouriez were on the British pay roll, and the author points out that our own Benedict Arnold was bought by the English secret service.

But the Irish traitors, who often had been sincere patriots in their youth, had a particular flavor. There was, for example, the melodramatic case of Leonard McNally. He was an eminent and respected attorney whose gallantry and selfless courage in defending Irish patriots at the bar made him a great figure among his fellow Irishmen. The climax of his life in patriotic service came when he defended Robert Emmet, as he had so many heroes before him. And all the time McNally was in the pay of the British secret service as an informer, betraying his fellow countrymen.

If ever there was a villain out of melodrama it was the esteemed Leonard McNally. It does not seem surprising that the plans of the Irish revolutionists never worked successfully until Michael Collins, who knew something about the British secret service, turned the tables by getting some of his men into its ranks.

PRACTICAL CRITICISM

REVALUATION: Tradition and Development in English Poetry, by F. R. Leavis (George W. Stewart; $3.75).

Revaluation is the first book by F. R. Leavis to be published in America, and as such it is the introduction to a large public here of an important literary figure in England. It is a belated introduction, certainly, for no man of comparable importance has suffered such neglect in contemporary letters, and his obscurity is probably the regrettable consequence of the nature of Leavis' career.

Leavis is a lecturer in English at Downing College, Cambridge, and an academic man is somehow suspect in our time unless he exploits his personality for its amusing possibilities (as a "popular" lecturer, for example), or dissociates himself from his duties in his published work. But as a critic, as a university lecturer and as one of the editors, since 1932, of *Scrutiny,* the most consistently intelligent and helpful literary quarterly in England, Leavis' work has been, as he says elsewhere, "preoccupied with the means of making the study of literature a discipline of intelligence." Not interested in imposing his own opinion on the contemporary evaluation of literature, his purpose is the more personally modest but more important one of teaching not *what* but *how* to think. As such work is largely effected through personal contact, Leavis has achieved an influence wider than his reputation.

Relevance. A central concern in his book is for the preservation of the ideal of humane education in an age which finds "the specialist mind more and more predominant and more and more unaware of any idea of the Educated Man." This is, in effect, the "arts" education traditional in Western culture, the "discipline of intelligence" as compared with the mere training in techniques that confuses the idea of a university with the aims of a trade school. Leavis contends that literature can provide the non-specialist discipline because the "preoccupation with words in their subtlest organizations is a preoccupation with the nature of thought and expression."

It will be understood, of course, that such a discipline is not the acquisition of knowledge *about* literature—the smattering of reading, biography, critical clichés and gossip derived from the usual "survey" type of study—but the development of a critical intelligence that can be defined "in terms of a cultivated ability and concern to be relevant, in attending to interests and making judgments." A disarmingly simple aim, until we consider its opposite, a condition that prevails among even the so-called educated public: the *inability* to be relevant, to focus the attention and distinguish the essential from the superficial, the general frivolity of interest, the wallow in emotion and contempt for reason, the inattention to facts and the incapacity to recognize truth from its easy opposite in the fog of mere words which is the intellectual atmosphere of our time.

Appreciation. The present volume is subtitled "Tradition and Development in English Poetry," and was

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planned in connection with the author's book on the contemporary situation, *New Bearings in English Poetry,* not yet published here. As Leavis states the necessity of revaluation: "An account of the past . . . of English poetry must, to be worth anything, be from a clearly realized point of view, and I cannot see that such a point of view can be any but that of someone living in the present." He does not mean, it is crucial to insist, a reassessment of the "worth" of a reputation, by which one name sinks and another rises on the market of current fashion. Nor does he merely refurbish former critical positions in the light of his own—as did Arthur Symons on Keats, for example, or Lytton Strachey on Pope.

But since literature exists, as it exists for *us,* in *our* perception of it (with all due allowance for historical considerations), a revaluation by a contemporary sensibility is a periodic necessity. In keeping with this intention, the points made in the book are not so much final as suggestive.

Leavis doesn't put the reader in possession of his opinion, but provides the means and indicates the direction by which he can arrive at a personal appreciation of the work in question. This is achieved, first of all, by close attention to particular texts, always returning to words and images; the work is not, like so many critical studies, a book to supplant its subject, so that reading *about* a writer becomes a lazy substitute for reading his work. Leavis recognizes a "common tendency" among critics "to prefer, where creative genius is in question, some freer and looser approach, as if relevance were an easy matter, and by evading the chief relevant discipline one could attain to delicacy and inwardness."

Insight. It is actually by means of specific analysis that he achieves his purposes, one of which is the "diagnosis of radical disabilities and perversions, such as call for moral comment." He expresses himself brilliantly. For instance: "Surrendering to inspiration cannot, for a poet of Shelley's emotional habits, have been very distinguishable from surrendering to temptation." By insight of this sort he demonstrates that the critical intelligence is no mere instrument for discriminating among the possibilities for pleasure in a work of art, but can be instead an exercise of the mind in its work of distinguishing truth in the prevailing error.

JOHN FARRELLY

FICTION PARADE

I

THE AUNT'S STORY, by Patrick White. (The Viking Press; $3).

IN THE EARLY 1940's, an Anglo-Australian writer published two excellent novels in this country, *The Living and the Dead* and *Happy Valley.* Their quality was properly and respectfully hailed by a few discerning critics; their existence was ignored by an extremely large number of American readers, the ones who prefer to switch off their minds while they read.

When I first encountered this man's work, in 1941, it seemed to me that here was an author whose influence could be seriously destructive to our American cult of mediocrity. Patrick White was even then writing with extreme sensibility, thoughtfulness, perception and taste—ingredients alien to the mainstream of contemporary American letters. Furthermore, he was clearly a writer who placed integrity before popularity, an attitude not only alien but plainly subversive to the American Literary Dream. White has now brazenly extended his discordant propaganda, as it were, by the publication of an extraordinarily good novel, *The Aunt's Story,* and he stands exposed as the fine writer he is. I feel it my agreeable duty to urge that Patrick White's book be thoroughly investigated by all adult Americans able to read. The story itself is deceptively simple; its "subversive" elements lie largely in the writing. It is the story of a spinster who quietly loses her mind.

In the hands of some of our American writers, such a theme could have brought fame and fortune to the author. Given the full treatment—the needle, the gimmick and the old *mouche de l'Espagne,* strained through a microphone and embalmed in celluloid—*The Aunt's Story* might well have taken its proud place beside *The Foxes of Scarlett O'Harrow.* As it is, all this book lacks is sensationalism, prurient eroticism, sentimentality and intellectual cowardice.

Instead, Patrick White chose to make a deep emotional experience, an esthetic communication, out of the story of an old maid who went mad. Theodora Goodman was born in Australia, in a country house which her family owned during her childhood and which was named, for some forgotten reason, some intransigent association with Ethiopia, Meroë. She was darkly plain and self-contained and, more and more as time went on, her mother's victim. Mrs. Goodman was the embodiment of the first person singular; Theodora was ". . . *the spinster. She had lived with her mother, and helped her into her clothes. She came when she was called.*"

Between her mother and her pretty, shallow sister, Theodora Goodman be-

DRAWING BY STEFANELLI

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came a kind of chambered nautilus, living within the clear corridors of her active and excellent mind. When she fell in love with a big, rufous boy whose clattering extraversion shattered her quietness, it was the pretty sister who got him. Later, when a man offered her his thin, tentative love, Theodora had bought enough honesty to afford to turn him down.

When her mother died, Theodora—sallow and middle-aged, but loving and honest beneath the layers of atrophy—grasped at this brown-leafed holiday and set out in search of herself, to seek some statement from life. In a fantastic (made more so by her own trembling fantasies) little hotel in the Midi, she settled down like a ringdove among a group of shadowy, heterogeneous exiles, to find diversion amid the phony elegance of the hotel's *Jardin Exotique*. Strangely, for her, it seemed another Meroë; this one held in the present, the other released by the past, but neither of them real. When the little hotel burns before Theodora's accepting eyes, she has already begun to relinquish reality, and quietly begins the long, homeward journey, back to her lost Meroë. Somewhere in the southwest of America she is impelled to leave the sleeping car which has cradled her, dreaming, past the green, tossing seas of corn. Time has slipped her, and nearly all of reality, and she reaches her journey's end in a deserted mountain cabin, on the threshold of a tranquillity which will never again fail her, conversing serenely with the strangers who have come to take her away.

Endearing figure. That is most of it; the surface anyway, with almost no hint of the richness and depth. This novel is shaped like an arrowhead: from the full, broad base of the first part, a woman's life sharpens toward itself, toward the moment of piercing integration, which is also the point of destruction. The first half of the book is wide and full-fleshed, dense with awareness; and the awkward, endearing figure of Theodora Goodman looms larger and larger until she achieves an impressive dimension. The scenes at the hotel in the Midi, and in the *Jardin Exotique*, are done with a delicacy and imagination very difficult to describe: the unreality of the quaint, disintegrating, disoriented people, of their murmuring conversations without destination—these gradually take on for Theodora an evanescent solidity, and we find ourselves sharing her tender and pathetic delusion. The last, the American chapter, in which she is lost forever to all but herself, tranquil amid the clear sunlight and the bright, sandy, impersonal land, has the clarity, the sadness, the unhesitating renunciation of a canvas by Georgia O'Keeffe.

And so I am quite serious when I say that Patrick White is a man to be watched. There are others like him: a few, who, undismayed by our indifference, persist in flaunting their integrity in the face of The Best Seller, The Selection and The Sale to Hollywood, in the face of the things which money and cynicism have labored so long to create. It is good to know that these *maquis* are among us, dreaming perhaps of a *coup des lettres*, although I do not think for a moment it could happen here, in this country, in our time. There are too many young American writers now dreaming greedily over their typewriters, too many hundreds of thousands of Subscribers who, conditioned like fledgelings, await hungrily, unquestioningly, the flutter of "Wings." JOHN WOODBURN

II

THAT WINTER, by Merle Miller (William Sloane Associates; $3).

AFTER looking through the reviews of *That Winter*, Merle Miller must be slightly mixed up. High praise by some critics resulted in the book's characters being discussed in such terms as "sad young men" and "lost generation," and the author being compared with Dos Passos, Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Frederick Wakeman (of *Shore Leave*).

Other critics were less friendly. As Miller looks through the clippings, gathered for him by one of those busy organizations which cull the faintest mention of one's name from the public

DRAWING FROM "THAT WINTER"

prints at eight cents a throw, he also can learn that there never was anyone to equal Hemingway; Fitzgerald really had it; and there is no such thing as a lost generation anyhow (this latter magazine critic seems to be saying that not just the horse and rider, but the whole damned kingdom is off the tracks).

Left and right. Furthermore, if Miller has the least touch of vanity, he must be a pricked, as well as puzzled, young man. For publicity purposes, publishers usually send a picture of the author along with the review copy of the book that goes to the critic. These photos are taken with great pains to make the author appear intelligent, gifted and earnest. After running through the New York *Herald Tribune* presses, Miller's likeness comes out looking pale, in need of liver and iron, and peering earnestly to the left. The same photo in the *Times* presents him as swarthy, ink-smudged and leering sardonically to the right.

Further to confuse himself, Miller has but to push the clippings aside and cock an ear to the gossip going around in magazine and publishing circles in New York. Pointing to supposed parallelisms in the novel, observers are yelling "bad reporting." Not everybody, they say, who works at *Time* magazine went to Yale. Michael Straight, they add, far from being over-fastidious about his clothes, once went around New York for several

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months with an old necktie around his middle to hold up his pants. Miller may protest that the characters and situations in *That Winter* are generalized, but I doubt that it will do any good.

Report of a mood. Much of the criticism, it seems to me, is off target. Whatever else *That Winter* succeeds or fails in doing, it reveals searching honesty by an author who is beyond the stage of considering himself Hemingway or anyone else. In so far as it is reporting, it is the report of a mood. The success of the book lies in the sympathy and truth with which Miller tells the story of how a young writer, back from the wars, works out a guilt complex over the death of his friend overseas. Peter, the writer, is on the staff of a news magazine. He lives in a New York bachelor apartment with Ted, a rich young man who lost an arm in the war, and Lew, a Jew who changed his name from Colinsky to Cole, but finally gave up "passing."

The mood is that of Peter and his like—talented, unattached young men who become cynical and bitter immediately after taking off their uniforms. With Peter the mood is highly personal and doesn't last long—three or four months after V-J Day. Before he works out his guilt and climbs out of his mood, there are drunks, hangovers and copulations by all and sundry.

All this makes readable book-club bait, forgivable in an author of 28 who also just might, at one time or another, have been slightly nostalgic about the delights of alcohol and females while stationed with *Yank* magazine in the Pacific areas, as Merle Miller was for several months.

In the minds of critics. Superimposed on this second novel's shaky framework and often clumsy organization, is first-rate talent. More than counterbalancing the spate of bright, cynical remarks are sensitive scenes, such as the dinner in Peter's Iowa home after his father's funeral; the author's fine delineation of feeling in characters like Lew's mother and Martha Westing, Peter's mother-substitute. It adds up to good reading and the discovery of an author who demonstrates that he is capable of writing outstanding novels.

The chances for such future books would seem to be more than so-so. Any resemblance between the Merle Miller I last saw in Louis and Armand's restaurant-bar (you go in and out of those doors many, many times in the book) and a "lost generation" is purely in the minds of the critics.

Miller handled a single Scotch well, was properly nervous at the thought of getting married in a few days, and was not, I can assure you, looking into a mirror mumbling "Fitzgerald," "Hemingway" or "Dos Passos" while deciding whether or not to rip off his collar.

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BUSINESS: The Schizoid Press

THESE DAYS it depends on which pages of the paper you read and which you believe. The front pages are devoted to hallelujahs about the wonderful state of the nation, if the so-and-so's in Washington would only leave us alone. The financial pages, however, written for the businessmen themselves, are preoccupied mainly with what is rotten in the situation, especially in Wall Street.

"There is real, hard-earned cause for optimism," proclaims a prominent front-page article in the New York *Sun,* adding: "Things look good this year, once you get behind the smoke screen of propaganda." The source is, of course, NAM president Morris Sayre. But in the same paper, in the same edition, the business section carries news of consumers resisting high prices and inventories accumulating.

Stocks are down. Almost every paper or magazine you pick up has the same schizoid reporting. During the last week or two, the editors have tried particularly hard to be bright about the incredible depression of stock prices. "The stock market seemed like a bargain basement," said *Time,* pointing out, with the breathlessness of new discovery, what this column and others had been saying for months: nobody was buying even at the fantastically low prices.

An established company like Wesson Oil earned $23.15 per share, but was selling at 43⅝, an earning rate of 53 percent. Glidden Company, an old-line paint firm, was earning 32 percent of its 23½ price. And many blue chips were doing 10 percent. Recently, an inexpensive stock, Tri-Continental, was to be found hovering around 5½ at a time when the annual report of the company showed that the book value was almost $11.

No one on Wall Street could recall anything like this since Manhattan was wheedled from the Indians. *Time* wound up its own bafflement with a broker's sage observation: "I'm baffled."

Yet on its own business and finance section, *Time,* like the others, has been carrying the explanation behind this strange situation. "Many Americans, despite their dislike of communism, lack enough faith in capitalism to risk their money on its ability to produce sustained prosperity." This statement which *Time* credits to Thomas W. Phelps, a leading Wall Streeter, certainly explains a part of the present state of the nation.

Farsighted? The reason for the lack of faith is also explained on the financial pages, in the crescendo of reports of accumulated goods that people just haven't the money to buy or won't buy at present prices. "Business Ponders Spreading Symptoms of Recession," is the way the New York *Sun* headlined a recent article. The story, by the *Sun's* business editor, J. B. Wallach, predicted "serious employment reactions . . . curtailment and retrenchment. . . ."

Shoe factories and shipyards, nylon mills and aircraft factories, canned foods and night clubs are all having their own personal depressions right now. It is this, obviously—and not taxes or bureaucracy—that is frightening the smart business fraternity.

And what are they doing about it? Are they cutting prices and profits to increase their sales? Are they in favor of a tax policy or a wage policy that will put more money in the hands of consumers? Not by a long shot.

Again, it's the business pages that tell the tale. In the New York *World-Telegram,* Scripps-Howard business editor Ralph Hendershot spelled out the saga of Procter and Gamble. Last year, he fumes, the company earned $48.7 million, compared to 1946's healthy $17 million. And it salted away $28.5 million in reserve.

"We well remember the depression of 1920-21," President Dupree told his stockholders. Comments Hendershot: "What consumers may be interested in knowing is whether companies like this are making any contribution to the high prices now prevailing. . . . It is pretty clear from the figures that the company not only passed all fat, oil and other cost increases on to the public in the form of higher prices, but has tacked on enough more to bring in an additional $31 million."

Hendershot concludes: "Those who work can only ask for higher wages." That, from a Roy Howard editor, is strictly man-bites-dog.

Retracting expansion. Another example of after-me-the-deluge policy is the steel industry. While taking full-page ads extolling its "expansion" program, it has cut basic production by two million tons since V-J Day. The reasoning is the same: comes the depression, less steel will be needed. So hold down capacity, raise prices and salt away reserves for the bad days ahead.

It is limited thinking of this sort that is frightening the daylights out of investors. Of course they would like lower taxes. But they know that it's better to pay high tax rates on high profits than low tax rates on no profits at all. The present program of industry is heading us straight toward a low-tax-and-no-profit depression.

HAROLD WOLFF

BOOM IN U.S. SEEN 'SPENDING ITSELF'
College at Two-Day Sessions on 'Advertising' Hears Talk by Times Business Editor
Big Furniture Stores Cautious
With Basic Needs Covered, Retailers Limit Chicago Orders Mainly to 'Fill-ins.'
By J. B. WALLACH,
Inventory Scare
Prices Jumped by Soap Company To Cover Expected Loss from Deflation
By RALPH HENDERSHOT,
Financial Editor.
Radios: Oversold?
Banner 1947 may mean much smaller 1948 market. Makers look to new low-priced sets, video, to keep up sales.

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LABOR: Testing Taft-Hartley

THE "largest local union in the world," according to its own announcements, is Local 600 of the United Automobile Workers (CIO). Local 600, with some 63,000 members in the Ford Company's enormous Detroit-area plants, is engaged in civil war over the Taft-Hartley Act's non-Communist-affidavit sections.

Local 600, generally speaking, has been in the opposite camp from UAW President Walter P. Reuther. A majority of its leaders, including Local President Thomas W. ("Tommy") Thompson, supported the anti-Reuther coalition of R. J. Thomas, Richard Leonard and George F. Addes—all of whom were beaten by the Reuther forces in the UAW international convention in November.

The same convention, under Reuther's leadership, voted to instruct its international officers to sign the T-H affidavits. Tommy Thompson thereupon went home and begun working to pull Local 600 into line with the convention's decision. A majority of the local's general council voted with Thompson to have all local officers sign the affidavits. The civil war arose when a minority of five officers refused to go along.

Demagogic tactics. Thompson's experiences in this situation were strange and unhappy. He suddenly found himself assailed in the union paper, *Ford Facts,* as, in effect, a company stool pigeon and labor spy. The paper carried an article, signed by two other officers, formerly his allies, saying that the whole issue was a choice between "militant" leadership and "management controlled" leadership.

The next week *Ford Facts* had a new editor, Al Leggat. Thompson bitterly defended himself against the charges that he was a Red-baiter and turncoat. He indignantly pointed out that he had never Red-baited in his life, that he had been a union member since the age of 14 and that he was as much opposed to the T-H Act as any other officer.

Thompson did not, in the early parts of this controversy, swing wholly to Reuther's side in general UAW politics. A later article in *Ford Facts,* for example, broadly suggested that the top international officers, including Reuther, were "not pleased" when Local 600 passed a resolution demanding a 25-cent-an-hour raise. Reuther at the time was telling the public that the UAW would prefer a price rollback to a "third round" wage increase, and Reuther's enemies in the organization used this statement in thoroughly demagogic fashion against him.

The internal war in Local 600 finally had to be taken to the rank and file. Although the officers headed by Thompson won a referendum—7,539 votes to 4,650—the victory did not end the civil war. The five opposition officers called the election illegal and refused to accept the light vote as a mandate. Under union rules the local's council majority may file charges against the minority, but the more probable recourse is to attempt to beat the five officers for reëlection in the local elections scheduled to begin late this month.

Thompson's principal argument for signing the affidavits was that, if Local 600 was unprotected and the independent Machinists' union "raided" the UAW by claiming bargaining rights for skilled craft workers, the UAW could not even get onto the ballot to defend itself in National Labor Relations Board elections.

Ghosts everywhere. The situation in Local 600 does not indicate that non-Communist union officials are now complacent about the T-H Act's affidavit sections. The issue is haunting the normal processes of collective bargaining almost everywhere. It is giving aid and comfort to anti-union employers, including government officials who used it against an all-Negro local of the United Public Workers in government-building cafeterias in Washington. It has led to "bootleg" contract clauses—clauses that ignore the law—between some employers and unions. It has thrown many unions into violent internal conflict damaging to sound and stable industrial relations.

Although not generally realized, neither Taft nor Senator Ives of New York—two Republicans largely responsible for the T-H Act—believed the law should contain anti-Communist provisions. The bill as reported out of Senate committee included no such sections; they were written into the measure on the Senate floor.

Constitutionally dangerous. In an attempt to test the legality of the issue, Joe Curran and the National Maritime Union in December filed a suit in federal court attacking the affidavit provisions as unconstitutional. Curran is himself an anti-Communist, engaged in a slugfest against Reds within his own union, but his suit charged that Congress has no right to deny equal protection of the law—and equal access to the normal processes of the NLRB—to union members of unorthodox political belief.

The hearing on Curran's suit opened on February 2, before three judges of the United States District Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. Robert N. Denham, NLRB general counsel and chief prosecuting agent of unions under the law, argued, in defense of the act, that Congress had a right to drive—and intended to drive—Communists out of American union leadership.

There are others who think that the "leftist" issue should have been left to the unions themselves, and that forced-draft legislation against Communists and alleged Communists is dangerous business, constitutionally and practically, when connected with a law which all unions basically resist and despise. It will help if the Supreme Court, when Curran's suit reaches that high tribunal, knocks out the affidavit sections as being in conflict with the country's organic law.

WILLARD SHELTON

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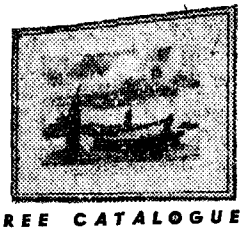

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THEATER: Songs Without Tunes

MORE IN SORROW than in anger, I would like to suggest to Jerome Robbins, who, according to the program, "conceived" the new musical, "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!," that perhaps he needs a vacation. The young man responsible for such top-drawer works as "Fancy Free" and the Mack Sennett ballet in "High Button Shoes" has turned out this latest creation as though he did it on a weekly salary, between gin-rummy games, in the Writers' Building at Warner Brothers.

A satiric study of a ballet company, although not the most original idea in the world, does give promise of an evening of color and amusement. I regret to report that the color of "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!" is the color of weary vaudeville and that whatever amusement there is comes from the cold, indomitable will of Nancy Walker to make the audience laugh.

The plot is one that any prospective member of the Screen Writers' Guild has to recite backwards before getting his card, and involves such sturdy and time-worn material as a brash young man on the make who sacrifices everything to his ambition, including his friends and his girl, only to find success as ashes in his mouth because of the disdain of his friends. At the end, of course, he repents and mends his ways and everyone loves him, and the audience supposedly goes home happy.

I would not dwell upon this poor little cliché of a story except that it is relentlessly stuffed down your throat at the Adelphi, along with some desperately rhymed, tuneless, mooning songs by Hugh Martin. Together, they have the final effect of reminding you how good a show "On Your Toes" was many years ago.

Oases. There are two bright spots—Nancy Walker's performance as a beer heiress who wants to dance, and a clever sleepwalking ballet in celebration of the active libido which takes place in the aisle of a Pullman car in which all the berths are made up for the night.

Miss Walker has a raw, aggressive face, an earthbound body which makes the perfect battleground between the brewery and the dance, and a heavy-artillery technique with a comic line. She does not snipe at the audience, she blows it down. As tough as Tenth Avenue, snarling and full of self-pity, armed with a ferocious low cunning and a resigned attitude toward sex, she nearly succeeds, all by herself, in putting the play across in bursts of iron laughter.

But in a frenzy of self-destruction, the authors again and again push Miss Walker aside to have people without voices sing mournful love songs without tunes before a succession of curiously bleak and stodgy sets by Oliver Smith.

Substandard. Harold Lang, who plays the brash young man with ambition, is remembered fondly for his dancing in other works, but in "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!" he seems strangely anchored.

Lang starts out with a fine energetic group of engaging dances, and then subsides into singing and acting for the rest of the evening. He undoubtedly hits the right notes in his songs, but the hearer gets a persistent impression that what he is doing should not be described as singing. His acting is acceptable enough by musical-comedy standards, but he is not pressing Judith Anderson for the best performance of the year; finally, knowing that he can dance so well, you are annoyed because he insists on using his stage time to exhibit his least impressive talents.

George Abbott, who does good ones and bad ones with equal gusto, has directed "Look, Ma" as though he thought it was funnier than "Hellzapoppin'" and more charming than "Oklahoma!"

The audience loved it.

I suffered.

IRWIN SHAW

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MOVIES: Murder a la Mode

DISTRIBUTORS for the French film, "Jenny Lamour," impart the depressing information that it has passed the New York State censor without a single deletion. Nevertheless, there is enough of the old spice involved to make things fun, and in addition "Jenny" turns out to be an engrossing and unconventional whodunit. Henri-Georges Clouzot's direction, by the way, won the Venice Film Festival's Grand Prix International.

Contrary to all movie tradition, a common, ordinary cop for once solves the murder. Rasping, homely Louis Jouvet, as Chief Inspector Antoine, just plugs along and finally gets his man by such *tours de force* as glaring at witnesses, bullying an old hack-driver and making one suspect shiver in a cold room.

While illuminating the perspiring brow of his victims with the inevitable 150-watt light bulb, Antoine and his assistants sit about the room noisily munching peanuts. This method is so successful that the inspector is not forced to call on either Hercule Poirot or the Sûreté for advice. Also, he commendably refrains from such police witticisms as, "This is an open-and-shut case."

Saga of Jennie. As Jenny Lamour, an ambitious actress, Suzy Delair sings interestingly and displays a fashionable physique. She becomes implicated in the murder of a lecherous movie magnate named Brignon, and during the tense events that follow she effectively registers all the emotions. Occasionally her gestures are almost unprecedented on the screen—such as the time she casually swabs her armpits after a strenuous and bumpy rendition of the cancan. Her most sensational success, however, is a deep indrawn breath, as she reflects how much she loves her husband, Maurice. The audience responds in kind to the eye-filling result.

Maurice (Bernard Blier), a dour-looking pianist with an intellectual forehead, is the perfect murder suspect. He makes life unbearable for Jenny, and flies into a jealous rage when he discovers an elderly musician patting her knee (*"Chéri,* he was only keeping time!" Jenny protests). Maurice also serves as a means of giving the film the flavor of the contemporary French economic scene. Surprised while skulking about on evil business, Maurice explains that he is looking for a man who can get him a pound of butter. When he lectures Jenny for going around with filthy-rich Brignon, she calls her husband a radical and insinuates that he doesn't trust big businessmen.

Maurice even points up the fuel shortage. As he is grilled by Inspector Antoine about the murder, he mentions that the room is very cold and suggests that more coal be put in the stove. "No coal left," replies a policeman.

Revenge. In contrast to the gauzy Hollywood camera technique which softens harsh lines and diffuses shadow, the brittle, bleak photography in "Jenny Lamour" is a lesson in realism, a little reminiscent of Cartier-Bresson. And there is less self-consciousness about camera angles—in one scene Jenny even shows the hint of a double chin.

A beautiful blonde named Dora (Simone Renaut) tops things off with a surprising bit of footwork. In stock detective thrillers, the dead man is nearly always a heel who is dispatched early in the picture. Long after his worries are over, innocent suspects suffer terribly at the hands of the police. Well, Dora takes care of that in "Jenny Lamour." A couple of hours after Brignon (a really repulsive person) is murdered, she sneaks in and gives him a swift kick in the belly.

JOSEPH P. LYFORD

Robert Hatch is ill. He will resume his movie reviews on his recovery.

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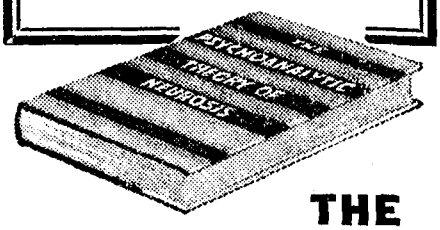

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MUSIC: There Are Still Titans

WHATEVER graybeards may say, great music-making is not exclusively a thing of the past. Within the last few weeks New York—and, by means of the radio, the entire nation—has heard from two superlative conductors several orchestral performances as eloquent and expert as any in our whole musical history. One of these conductors, Bruno Walter, has been a familiar and beloved figure among us for several years. The other, Ernest Ansermet, arrived from Switzerland in mid-January to conduct the NBC Symphony Orchestra after a 12-year absence from the United States.

Now that Walter has passed 70 he feels free to choose the music he loves most, leaving routine materials to his associates on the conducting staff of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, of which he became "musical adviser" (his modest way of saying musical director) when Artur Rodzinski left abruptly a year ago. Walter crowned his brief mid-winter engagement with two gigantic works he knows better than anyone else—Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" and Bruckner's monumental, hour-and-12-minute Eighth Symphony.

With the aid of two perceptive soloists—Kathleen Ferrier, a British contralto brought over particularly for this performance, and the admirable Swedish tenor, Set Svanholm—Walter projected the autumnal romanticism of Mahler's masterpiece with tenderness, and yet with a spaciousness of design which refuted those who still maintain that Mahler's music is no more than a pastiche of small ideas. With his noble reading of the Bruckner score he presented a powerful argument for the admission of the devoted Viennese mystic to the company of first-rank orchestral masters.

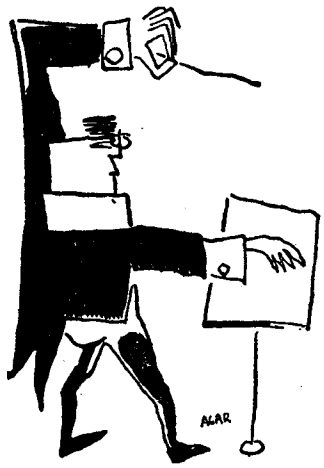
The radio public, unfortunately, had no chance to compare the two works. The Columbia Broadcasting System carried the Mahler, but failed to broadcast the Bruckner performance.

Ansermet's schooling and taste are primarily French, but by remaining in his native Switzerland he has avoided becoming merely Parisian. His musical interests and his conception of the interpreter's task closely parallel those of Pierre Monteux; if anything he is superior to the San Francisco conductor in intellectual penetration, and he is at least the equal of Monteux in stick technique.

Like Monteux, he once conducted for the Diaghilev Ballet Russe, and his concern with contemporary music has remained keen ever since. His four broadcasts with the NBC Symphony Orchestra have proved anew the vigor and eloquence of interpretations which rest upon a lucid, connected presentation of musical ideas rather than on an external showmanship.

Rodzinski in Chicago. Artur Rodzinski's regime as musical director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was even shorter than had been imagined by those who felt sure that his temperament would inevitably clash with the wishes of the orchestra board. There can be no doubt that Rodzinski was as hard to get along with in Chicago as he was in New York.

Since it is the business of trustees to make outgo match income, the Chicago board was within its rights in dismissing Rodzinski in the middle of the season for his inability to be realistic



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about finances. But Edward L. Ryerson, chairman of the board, and his associates must answer to the charge of operating on a subhuman level in announcing the firing of a proud man—and one who has earned the right to his pride—and still expecting him to continue to conduct for three months after such a public humiliation.

Désiré Defauw was similarly treated a year ago, and earlier Hans Lange was let out at the end of a season without even the six weeks' warning the musicians' union requires to enable a last-desk second violinist to get a new job. The picture of labor-management relations between the Chicago board and its conductors does not look pretty.

Records. Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick, who issued a beautiful album of Mozart sonatas last year, have followed it with an equally fine pair of albums containing all six of Bach's sonatas for violin and harpsichord (Columbia MM-719; $19.20). Though Columbia's recording technique was not at its best when the set was made, the musical joy far outweighs the mechanical mediocrity. . . . Artist Records, a California outfit whose release of excerpts from Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" announced its hunt for musical rarities to record, has now come forth with one of the world's worst pieces, Beethoven's "Wellington's Victory," played by Werner Janssen and the Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles (Artist JS-14; $5.25). The volume also contains Beethoven's rarely played "King Stephen" overture, which is better, but not good.

Two popular ballet potpourris have just been issued by Victor—the Offenbach "Gaité Parisienne," played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra (Victor DM-1147; $5.25) brightly but without the feeling for the choreography in Efrem Kurtz's Columbia version of the same music; and the Johann Strauss "Graduation Ball," superbly presented by Anton Dorati, who selected and arranged the vivacious music in the first place, with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra (Victor DM-1180; $5.25). CECIL SMITH

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Join the MARCH OF DIMES

RADIO: Playing Them Straight

CANADA LEE is a disc jockey now. So is Duke Ellington. Both are on local New York stations; Lee on WNEW and the Duke on WMCA. Ellington is syndicated, his between-platter commentaries being sold to stations other than the one that originates his program. The same should be done for Lee. He packs more mood and dynamics into a twenty-second spiel than any man I ever heard on radio. And he knows how to pick his records.

The same station that has given Lee a regular spot is responsible for another new program which, I hope, may start a trend. It's the title of the show, "Play It Straight," that intrigues me most, although the series itself may prove interesting. The scheme is to give prominent comedians an opportunity to display their talents on their (or their press agents') favorite from the classics.

Thus Ezra Stone, the "Henry" of "The Aldrich Family," will play Shylock; Minerva Pious, "Mrs. Nussbaum" of Fred Allen's cluttered alley, will beat her breast as Lady Macbeth; and Henry Morgan, who is back on his cigar-store corner again Thursday evenings at 7:30 (ABC), is down for a classical choice as yet undetermined.

The idea of "Play It Straight" has even greater possibilities. Various switches come to mind as I go over the past week's listening log. "Ozzie and Harriet" could be invited to "Break the Bank," while "Ethel and Albert" could have balcony seats and garner silver dollars on "Dr. I. Q." "Tales of Willie Piper" could be asked to get lost and stay lost on any of the less brainy kid shows.

And Robert S. Allen, since he is so throatily militant on his Mutual commentary, could be loaned to Louella Parsons, whose cloying voice could stand some acerbity. In each case, the artists should be asked—no, ordered—to "Play It Straight." Radio could do with some of that.

Miscellany. A number of readers have discovered, by checking with their local Mutual outlets, that the network's production of "To Secure These Rights" has been postponed. The new date for the opening of the series of four documentaries under that title, based on the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights, is Tuesday, February 24, from 10 to 10:30 p.m. Mutual's "American Forum" will take a four-week rest to make room for the documentaries.

To all who have written in for this department's list of worth-while transcribed programs, an apology. An effort to make the list all-inclusive, as well as more selective, is responsible for the delay. Any cycle now, the already addressed envelopes will be mailed.

David F. Selvin, of San Francisco, has written a long letter in clarification of a brief note that appeared here January 5. That week's column apparently gave Selvin the impression that radio is too expensive a toy "except for the largest and wealthiest of labor groups." He writes:

> I have used radio on behalf of a number of labor organizations, on a local basis and well within the reach of local unions only moderately well off. . . . There is a coöperative basis. The Bay Cities Metal Trades Council here sponsored a half-hour dramatic show during the war years. . . . The show had something like 35 sponsoring organizations.
>
> A second possibility, particularly with respect to regional and national use of radio, is transcriptions. Here is a field almost untouched, except by the Pax Productions shows to which you recently referred (the *NR*, December 8, 1947). Increasing use of transcriptions would bring effective, professional radio within reach of almost any union. . . .
>
> Radio on a modest but none the less effective scale is within the reach of local labor unions at no greater proportionate cost than a decent display ad or a good showing in cars and buses or outdoor boards. The economic facts of life are not without an inherent discrimination against labor groups when it comes to carrying their cases before

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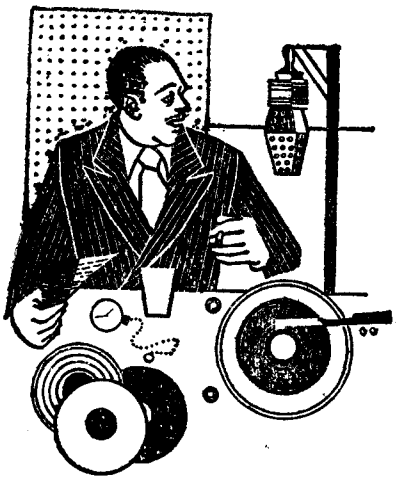

GERTRUDE GOODRICH
THE DUKE IN ACTION

the public. Labor groups simply do not have the resources of the great corporations. But that does not mean they have to cross radio off their list because it cannot be had for "peanuts."

Library. The chair accepts Selvin's amendment gratefully and adds a recommendation. The best book I have ever seen for anyone interested in community broadcasting, professional or amateur, has just been published. It's *Religious Radio* (Harpers; $3), and don't let its title discourage you. The subtitle, "What to Do and How," can be applied to the problems of any group, sacred or secular, interested in radio.

Collaborating on the book were: Everett C. Parker, director of the Joint Religious Radio Committee; Elinor Inman, director of religious broadcasts for CBS; and Ross Snyder, who numbers among his titles that of dean of the University of Chicago's Religious Radio Workshop.

The authors understand the problems facing the station owner, the organization desiring time and facilities, the listening public, the producer and writer, and the speaker. If your message is labor or politics, instead of theology, just substitute your own label whenever you come to the words "sermon" or "worship" in the book, and you'll have an excellent thesis on "what to do and how" in radio.

While dealing with successful, threeply authorship, here is another: *Plays from Radio* (Houghton Mifflin; $1.72). This is an anthology edited by a man who has been called the "dean" of radio directors, Earle McGill, working with a pair of New York high-school teachers, A. H. Lass and Donald Axelrod. In addition to some very good plays, the book contains an excellent chapter on production and a number of other very useful hints to amateurs with an eye on the microphone.

Finally, to clean up the library, there is a collection of scripts called *Theatre Guild on the Air* (Rinehart; $4). The title refers to the program by that name broadcast Sunday nights at 9:30 on ABC. These are examples of radio always at its most professional, and frequently at its very best. Mostly adaptations of Broadway successes, you'll find them good reading. The brief prefatory notes by the radio adapters are of interest to the non-professional.

But if you are in that classification, don't try to involve your amateur group in producing any of these plays. Leave this toothsome dish to US Steel, which can afford the job.

SAUL CARSON

BANDWAGON

The Martian Way

Dr. Randolph [Army major, college professor and rocket expert] said he believed the "strips of vegetation" on Mars followed the laying down of railroads, along which the Martians settled. The symmetrical design indicates, he said, that the railroads may have been built by private enterprise, but that they were under direction of a single planetary government. – *From the Detroit* News.

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Simple As That

Philip Courtney, president of Coty, Inc., said his firm would be able to buy raw materials for perfume and French perfume itself at substantially lower costs but that the price of Coty products would remain the same.

"We will use the savings to increase our profit margin," he said. – *From the newspaper* PM.

Health Across the Board

Americans buy lottery tickets on the Irish sweepstakes, not because they want to win anything, but because they want Ireland to have the best hospital system in the world. – *Hugh Quinn (D), Queens councilman, as quoted in the* Long Island Daily Press.

"I Shall Return"

General Douglas MacArthur, as a lifelong soldier, is the only person with sufficient knowledge of Army practices to rid the government of "military despotism," according to Lansing Hoyt, acting national chairman of the MacArthur-for-President Clubs. – *UP dispatch from Chicago.*

Wanna Bet?

Every big bookmaker has been driven out of this city, Commissioner of Investigation John M. Murtagh asserted yesterday. – *From the New York* Times.

Completely Unsuccessful?

As wartime Navy Secretary, Forrestal established an official policy on non-discrimination in that branch of the service. The policy has not been completely successful as yet. Of the 19,000 Negroes in the Navy, four-fifths are still cooks and waiters in the stewards' department, and only four wear officers' stripes. – *From the New York* Post.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

CORRESPONDENCE

Estimate of Marshall

SIR: Some of your readers in Southern California, where Wallace commands considerable support, cannot quite understand T. R. B.'s enthusiasm for Marshall as Secretary of State. Perhaps he was a military genius, and Dewey did well to "thank God" for him. But what about his record as Secretary? For a while he seemed to believe that the dangerous and stupid Truman Doctrine could be deloused and rendered innocuous, but this effort failed and Marshall has been carrying out that expansionist, provocative and dangerous policy in Greece, Turkey, North Africa, the Pacific and elsewhere. . . .

Marshall is a "towering figure" only when next to him is the muddle-headed Truman. He is *not* a man of vision or of progressive sympathies. He utterly misunderstands Russian claims and aspirations. His stand in London on German reparations was neither just nor rational. He is largely responsible for that now probable, ruinous and criminal war which Wallace fears. . . .

La Jolla, Calif. VICTOR S. YARROS

Step Forward

SIR: Why not mention some time soon that the *Mississippi* State Nurses' Association at its recent annual convention voted to extend full membership to *colored* nurses? We do progress, you know.

Jackson, Miss. VIRGINIA HOWARD

Prize Pulitzer Mistake

SIR: Enclosed is the text of a letter I wrote to Dean Carl W. Ackerman, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Dean Ackerman:

. . . As a faculty member at Columbia's Teachers' College and as a lifelong Methodist, I write to ask you to consider initiating action to rescind the recent award of a Pulitzer Prize to Frederick Woltman, New York *World-Telegram* reporter, as being incompatible with the tradition of liberalism and integrity common to the old New York *World* of Joseph Pulitzer and to Columbia University.

Recently, December 27-29, I attended the annual meeting of the Methodist Federation for Social Action, held at Kansas City. Frederick Woltman reported that meeting for the *World-Telegram* and other papers of the Scripps-Howard chain, and presumably the United Press. . . .

In more than 25 years of experience as a working newspaperman and as a college teacher specializing in the study of public opinion and the analysis of propaganda, I have seldom seen such deliberate distortion of facts and such malicious propaganda as you will find in the Woltman reports of the Federation meeting. . . .

This is not the first time the Methodist Federation has been attacked by unscrupulous journalism. In the mid-thirties William Randolph Hearst paused long enough in his campaign against liberal teachers . . . to, in his words, "drive the Reds out of the Methodist Church."

. . . World War II interrupted that campaign, but today it has been resumed. The Hearst papers have been joined by the Scripps-Howard chain and many other newspapers to create a hysterical fear of anything which they choose to label "Communist."

Today's campaign obviously is to condition the American people for war. Will those Christians who today would prevent war by applying the social gospel of Jesus Christ be martyred by unscrupulous journalists falsely applying the "Communist" label? The answer to this question depends in part upon what action our university takes with respect to Pulitzer Prize-Winner Woltman. Columbia University cannot merit a reputation for honest liberalism and at the same time lend the sanction of its Pulitzer award to the malicious propaganda which Frederick Woltman and the Scripps-Howard newspapers are disseminating. . . .

CLYDE R. MILLER
Associate Professor of Education,
New York City Columbia University

Letters to Germany

SIR: We have been told that a great number of American citizens would like to correspond with Germans in the US occupation zone. . . . We are three young men, single, have been friends for years, and as prisoners of war we had been in the same camps in the States. And now we would like to learn more about your country, your people, etc., and thus be able to make up for what we missed during the Nazi regime. . . .

Those who want to correspond with us should write to Gerhard Bartsch, (13b) Ottobeuren/Allg., Fischerstrasse 255a, Germany, US Zone.

US Zone, Germany GERHARD BARTSCH

Corrections

The reference in "Joe Hill, the Wobblies' Troubadour" (the *NR*, January 5) to "Earl Robinson's ballad" was misleading. The words of the song were written in 1933 by Alfred Hayes, and were not set to music by Earl Robinson until two years later.

The song, "Ten Gallon Stetson," referred to in "I Take Off My Stetson" (the *NR*, January 12), is published and copyright by Meyers Music.

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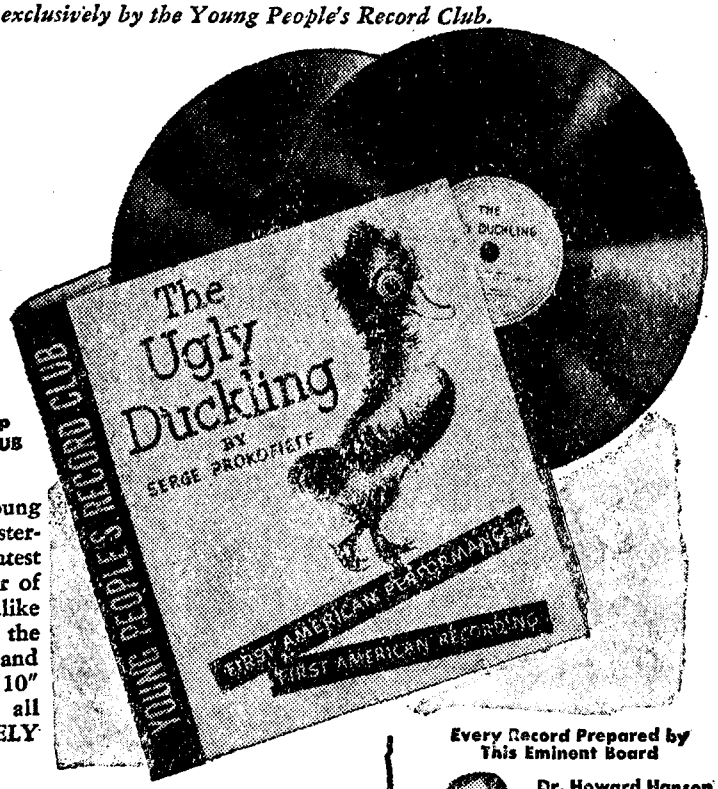

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